

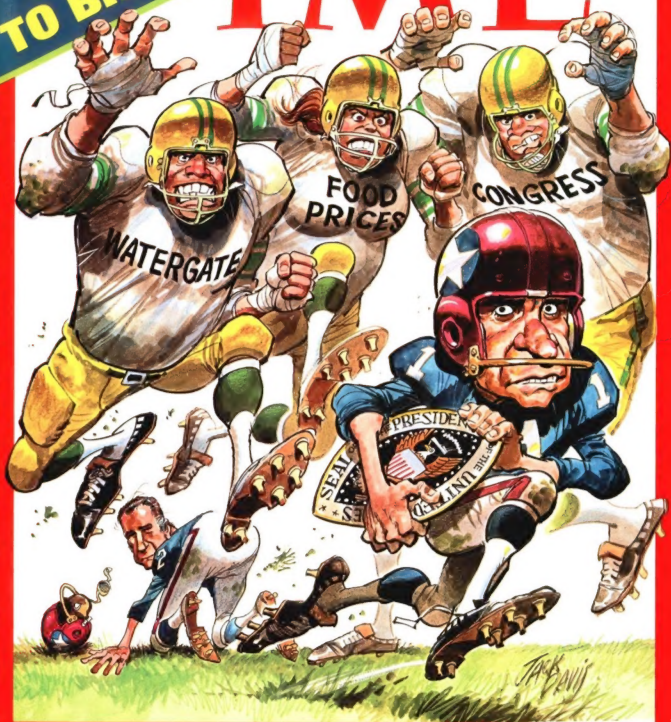
FIFTY CENTS


AUGUST 27, 1973

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SCRAMBLING
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TIME



A man in a dark suit and striped tie is smiling while a flight attendant pours wine into a glass for him. A woman in a red and white striped shirt is also smiling. They are seated at a table with a red tablecloth, set with plates of food including salmon, broccoli, peas, and carrots, as well as bread and glasses with the 'NWA' logo.

On Northwest — your choice of delicious entrées in First Class and Coach.

Only Northwest flies all wide-cabin jets to Tokyo and the Orient.

A large, snow-capped mountain peak, likely Mount Fuji, is visible in the background under a blue sky.

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When you fly halfway around the world, you deserve the best of everything.

One of the things we've learned during the 26 years we've been flying to the Orient is how to make our passengers happy.

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Alaskan King Crab through Anchorage, Fresh Salmon from the Pacific Northwest out of Seattle, and Filet of Mahi Mahi from Hawaii.

Or maybe you'd prefer Roast Rib Eye of Beef, Lamb Chops in Mint Sauce or Broiled Tenderloin Steak with Teriyaki Sauce. In any case, there's a choice of delicious entrées in both First Class and Coach. You'll enjoy delicious desserts and your favorite cocktail, too.

The best of everything includes the planes we fly. Northwest flies all big, roomy wide-cabin DC-10s and 747s on the Orient Express. (We're the only airline that does.) You'll really appreciate the all-around spaciousness and extra comfort. Just settle back, stretch your legs and relax.

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ORIENT EXPRESS

Why settle for less...



MINNESOTA'S SENATOR HUMPHREY & GOVERNOR ANDERSON

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Our recent cover story, "The Good Life in Minnesota," apparently came as a shock to French Journalist Pierre Billard. Writing in the newsmagazine *Le Point*, he explained that he was jolted not by "learning that the American Paradise is in Minnesota" but by "finding TIME devoting its cover and ten full pages [twelve in the U.S.] to the revelation." "TIME," he suggested, "has just invented a new kind of journalism... Cars that do not have accidents, planes that are not hijacked, rivers that are not polluted, politicians who are honest, couples loving each other without drama or complexes—this is now news."

Others, too, were struck by our change-of-pace story. "What's this with a man and a fish on the cover of TIME?" asked Larry Woods, an Atlanta journalist. "What about inflation, the beef shortage and crime?" Roxanne Rich, a 22-year-old Minneapolis working with runaways in the slums of Boston, felt a pang of nostalgia. "It's so moving to read a story about home when you're far away," she said.

Not surprisingly, our cover story had its greatest impact in Minnesota. "We sold out better than four times the usual number of copies," said Roy Carlson of The Gopher News Co., "and we're still trying to get more." The Minnesota issue of TIME was in such short supply, in fact, that one barbershop chained its copy to the wall.

Minnesota's journalists were as excited as their French counterpart about the cover, but for different reasons. The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* noted that TIME had emphasized Minneapolis and virtually ignored its twin city. "If this article brings Minnesota an influx of fast-buck sharpies from the east, or smog-befuddled escapees from California," said the *Press*, "let them settle in Minneapolis. We won't be childish about it." "If the article seems to slide over some of our problems, that's all right," said a Minneapolis *Tribune* editorial. "Our problems, to one degree or another, are similar to those of other states. Our strengths, though, are not universally shared, and that is what TIME sought to portray. And that is why so many of us like it here in Minnesota."

Ralph P. Davidson

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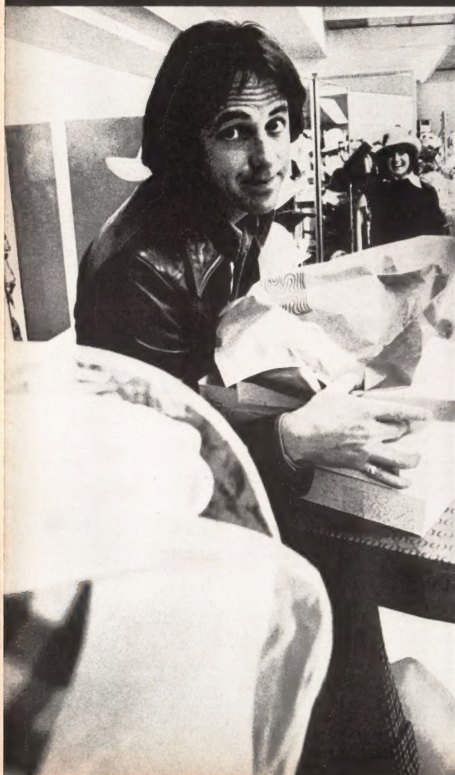
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"Know what I'm doing?"



"I'm getting my present auto policy checked, seeing whether my big car and little car earn me a lower rate, and I'm helping my wife, Marion, pick out a new dress.

All at the same time. Where am I?"

"At Sears. Where else?"

"I was just talking to this agent, over at the Allstate booth.

"And he was telling me that I could get a discount on my auto insurance just because I've got one full-size car and a compact.

"I never knew that.

"So he's over there right now, figuring out how much he might save me with Allstate's Big-and-Little Car Discount.

"Who knows? I may not save enough to buy Marion a diamond tiara. But this might help pay for her dress. And maybe lunch.

"Why don't you check Allstate, too?" (At Sears. Or an Allstate office.)

Maybe we can save you some money.



Allstate
You're in good hands.

Special rates and discounts available in most states.

LETTERS

Hamilton and Jefferson

Sir / Re Stanley Cloud's Essay "A Ghostly Conversation on the Meaning of Watergate" [Aug. 6]. I must say that Mr. Cloud's insight into the philosophies of our two most influential founding fathers was truly enlightening, as was his obvious understanding of the contemporary attitudes of the American people. It is too bad that most citizens fail to realize that they are not "children to be instructed and led," but mature, sovereign individuals upon whose trusted and respected responsibility this country was built and stands.

BILL MILLER
Atlanta

Sir / The reasons Jefferson gave for the paucity of spirit in this country sound superficial, but then a single night's resurrection could hardly acquaint him with the way in which industrialism and more recently technology have altered the American personality. Fragmented into numerical units by an insensitive bureaucracy, separated from much that is natural, fixed into a lock-step system, and forever cajoled to pursue materialistic affluence, no wonder so many Americans have lost spirit.

When society uses technology in such a way that the individual's personality is not numbed, then he will feel responsibility for something beyond his own selfish interests. Mr. Jefferson's vantage point should allow him to see that Nixon is not to blame.

DAVID O. TURNER
Montgomery, Minn.

Sir / Back in the age of reason, Thomas Jefferson wrote this clear and direct sentence: "The whole of government consists in the art of being honest." With all its simplicity, that statement expressed a profound conviction that truth could be a powerful tool of statesmanship. But in the world of today this seems to be a minority view.

The age of reason appears to have been replaced by the age of rationalization.

PHILIP SCHACCA
West Hempstead, N.Y.

Sir / Mr. Cloud's dialectic misses an essential irony. It wasn't so much that Hamilton wanted to cut off Jefferson's "people" from participation as that Hamilton had a pessimistic estimate of the people's ability to distinguish between good and evil within the context of a rapidly developing industrial society. Hamilton's disciplined aristocracy should at least have ruled with a sense of tradition, proportion and decorum.

Ehrlichman & Co., largely the products of the rapid, rootless commercial expansion occurring in the "sun-belt" states, are the quintessential expression of the technical mentality, divorced from hard-won tradition, humbled before nothing—precisely the people from whom Hamilton was intent on protecting the Republic.

LUKE BAILEY
Los Angeles

Watergate Personalities

Sir / Regarding John Wilson's referring to Senator Inouye as "that little Jap": as a life-long Republican I have lived through and survived the Watergate scandal, the Cambodian lies, the soaring cost of living, and the plying of improvements for the Western White House through my taxes. But if Mr. Wilson and his racist attitude are typical of the kind of men and thinking surrounding Mr. Nixon and his aides, then I

here and now repudiate the Republican Party and encourage other Asian Americans to do the same.

BILL LEONG
Los Angeles

Sir / John Wilson says he doesn't care if someone calls him a "little American."

I will call him a little American—a very little American.

GILLERT A. SEEL
Detroit

Sir / My opinion of Haldeman and Ehrlichman as crooks was built up over many months. Imagine my surprise, then, to see them firsthand before the Senate committee. They came across as honest, sincere, kind, pleasant and very gifted gentlemen.

How lucky for Mr. Nixon to have had such men for at least part of his tenure!

MRS. HERMAN DAL
San Francisco

Sir / I find the image of an intoxicated member of Congress experiencing difficulty navigating the halls of Congress not nearly so frightening as the specter of a John Ehrlichman, intoxicated with power, supervising the domestic policy of our Government.

MORGAN J. SINCOCK
Richmond

Sir / Senator Ervin comes across as a pompous old man who cannot quite decide whether he is Caesar or the court jester. His conduct supports the thinking that there should be an age at which Senators and Congressmen should be forced to retire.

GRACE K. HENNINGTON
Seaside, Calif.

Sir / I think John Dean should get the Academy Award for Best Actor of 1973.

EVERLY N. RICE
Peoria, Ill.

Watergate Reflections

Sir / The testimony of Haldeman and Ehrlichman has revealed, I believe, the core of Mr. Nixon's thinking, an insight that was not apparent from the earlier witnesses.

One gets the impression from Mr. Haldeman that he and the President did not think of themselves as evil men. Rather, what guided them in their rise to power seems to have been two basic rules—expediency and packaging. The first meant employing whatever means would get the job done. The second meant presenting an action in the best possible public light, including, if necessary, keeping it secret.

Not a conscious pursuit of evil seems to have been governing our country at its highest level, but an amorality—a failure to apply ethical standards to decisions because that ability had atrophied.

PAUL BERNSTEIN
Professor of Political and
Social Science
University of California
Irvine, Calif.

Sir / Watergate—from boredom to nausea to outrage! If the President himself had tapped every phone in Washington, he could not have done one-tenth the injury to the country that the Ervin committee, aided by the anti-Nixon news media, has done, in self-serving political maneuvers. While they conduct their kangaroo court, ignoring the real problems that face the nation, what kind of image of the U.S. are they transmitting to the world by their condemnation

of political enemies without a fair trial? And has anyone stopped to wonder why the Democrats were so upset by the tapping of a few phones if they had nothing to hide?

INEZ H. CORVELL
Becla Vista, Ark.

Sir / Richard Nixon may not have been participating in the cover up of the Watergate break in before this time, but now he most certainly is through his failure to release tapes pertaining to these matters.

DAVID WERTH
Corvallis, Ore.

Sir / Isn't it interesting that the same liberals who were screaming that the press be given immunity from disclosing news sources are now professing shock and outrage when Nixon refuses to turn his tapes over for examination. This double standard is not new, but it still is sick.

ED PATRICK
Framingham, Mass.

Sir / Phase V: impeachment!

ROGER M. HARRIS
Forest City, N.C.

Sir / As a Briton unsympathetic to our monarchical system, I find a certain negative comfort in Watergate.

In gathering round him Crown Prince Ehrlichman and Haldeman, Court Jester Dean, and the flotilla of courtly retainers (unelected, of course), King Richard has established a monarchy more aloof than the English Queen could dare to contemplate.

DAVID C. SPEDDIE
Philadelphia

Child Labor

Sir / We were pleased that TIME [July 30] again brought to public attention the scandalous problem of child labor in agricul-

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Fill 'er up.

The gasoline people have alerted us that we may encounter some empty gas pumps along the way. If that causes you to put off a visit to family or friends, you can still go by Long Distance. Just by dialing a phone, you can fill your heart with the happy voices of love, even when they're far away. And if you do decide to make the trip in person, make it smoother by calling ahead for reservations.

Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.



"Don't go, my boy," he pleaded.
"You're under a lot of pressure down there."

"GOOD-BYE NICK"

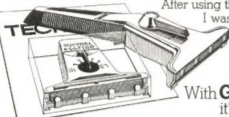
I was the son of a courageous frogman and a Cypress Gardens water skier. Scuba diving was my heritage, but the shaving nicks and cuts on my face almost sent me to a watery grave. Even my captain began calling me Nick. I can still see his face the day I left on my biggest underwater scavenging mission.

His voice trembled. "Don't go, my boy. You're under a lot of pressure down there, and when those sharks see that blood...it'll be Davy Jones Locker for you." I laughed him to scorn.

Down, down, down I went. And then, it happened! A frisky seahorse knocked the bandage off my face. And when I saw the shark's dark shadow over my shoulder, I thought it was Good-bye Nick. I had only one arrow left in my speargun. But Neptune was watching over me, for that one arrow was enough. That night, I told my story to a sympathetic bartender. He handed me a razor: "Try the Gillette Techni-matic® razor, chum. Comes in a refillable continuous cartridge so you'll never have to touch another blade. No corners to cut and nick your face. And it's adjustable to any shaving conditions."

After using the Gillette Techni-matic,
I was offered the leading role
in a new television
underwater series.

With **Gillette TECHMATIC**
it's good-bye Nick



© The Gillette Company, Boston, Mass.

LETTERS

ture. You failed to mention, however, that the title of your article came from a Beacon Press book, *Sweatshops in the Sun* by Ronald Taylor, published in April of this year.

GOBIN STAIR
Director
Beacon Press
Boston

Recruiting Businessmen

Sir / Your article titled "Bull Market for M.B.A.s" [Aug. 6] is misleading. Harvard, Stanford, Wharton and the University of Chicago are not a representative group of business schools.

A more thorough survey of the 300 schools in the U.S. offering graduate business curriculums would show that starting salaries of \$17,000-plus and all-expense-paid trips are rare. Perhaps the companies that devote so much time, effort and money to attempting to recruit graduates of the elite schools should be informed that there is a plethora of well-qualified M.B.A.s from other schools who are available for employment, and who would be receptive to less costly recruiting efforts.

SID JACOBSEN
South Bend, Ind.

Porno Press

Sir / I strongly object to a newsmagazine like *TIME* sinking to the level of pornography by featuring the likes of Hugh Hefner and Bob Guccione [July 30]. If I wanted pictures of nudes on my coffee table, I would buy *Playboy* or *Penthouse*.

FRANK BODMER
Poolesville, Md.

Sir / For you to compare *Penthouse*, *Gallery*, *Genesis*, etc., with *Playboy* leads this writer to believe that your reporter opened to the gatefolds and never got past them.

It might come as a shock, but there are millions of readers of *Playboy*, both men and women, who find it in terms of content (articles, fiction, humor, interviews, art direction) the most entertaining magazine published in America today.

DON SILVERSTEIN
New York City

Sir / I wonder if there is any significance in the fact that neither Mr. Hefner nor Mr. Guccione ever smiles. Could it be that the gentlemen really do not enjoy what they are doing?

DORIS H. BROWN
Ambler, Pa.

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By not going to extremes, Volvo accomplishes more than cars that do.

Up front, a Volvo has as much legroom as a Cadillac DeVille. In back, as much as a Buick Electra.

Which gives Volvo the space and comfort of big cars like the one on the right. Instead of squeezing you into the ridiculously small space of little cars like the one on the left.

Yet a Volvo's turning radius is actually smaller than a VW Beetle.

Which means Volvo can maneuver in and out of parking spaces and traffic like little cars.

To call maneuverability a big-car specialty would be absurd.

And while a Volvo may not leave big cars behind in the dust, its fuel-injected 2 liter engine lets you move right out in the fast lane. Something that can't be said as quickly about little cars.

So instead of compromising by going to extremes, go halfway and get everything. Get a Volvo.

To get anything else would be either absurd or ridiculous.



VOLVO

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Smith-Corona introduces the 3-second ribbon change.

Time it yourself on our new cartridge ribbon typewriter.

First it will amaze you. Then it will impress you.

The amazing part is that we succeeded in putting a typewriter ribbon in a cartridge for the quickest, simplest typewriter ribbon change imaginable. Also, the cleanest.

The impressive part is that Coronamatic™ Ribbon Cartridges come in nylon and carbon film (the kind usually available only with expensive office typewriters).

So in the same 3 seconds it takes to change a cartridge, you can now change to carbon film for typing that looks like printing.



It's like having two typewriters in one. One for day-to-day use. One for more professional-looking correspondence or reports.



And in case you make a mistake, we put a correction ribbon in a Coronamatic cartridge so you can correct errors, in seconds.

We also put an assortment of colors into the cartridges—so you can add a little (or a lot of) color to your typing if you feel like it.

Smith-Corona's new cartridge ribbon typewriters. In electric portable and office models.

Now you have a lot of reasons to want to change typewriter ribbons.



Introductory offer: Participating dealers will give you an eraser cartridge, plus two film cartridges to introduce you to professional typing. This offer good on all new portable cartridge typewriters purchased before 10/1/73.



.01 Press cartridge release.



.02 Cartridge snaps out.



.03 Snap in another cartridge.

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Two Kinds of Losers

It must be a sad fate for any up-starting American corporation first to be harried into making large (and illegal) political donations and then to be forced to confess on threat of prosecution. Nonetheless, Special Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox has a little list of these corporate donors, all of which could face fines of up to \$5,000, for making illegal contributions to the 1972 Republican national campaign. Since Cox has indicated that he might be lenient with those that confess, the shamefaced corporations have been stepping forward—Gulf Oil Corp. (\$100,000), Ashland Oil, Inc. (\$100,000), American Airlines (\$55,000), Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. (\$40,000). Last week two more, Phillips Petroleum (\$100,000) and Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing (\$30,000), admitted that they too had anted up.

In contrast to the insatiable big-time fund raisers who persuaded the companies to make illegal contributions from corporate funds, a Pennsylvania judge has just provided his backers with a pleasant surprise.

State Superior Court Judge Edmund B. Spaeth Jr., a liberal Democrat who last May lost a primary election for a full ten-year term on the appellate court, ended his campaign with an unspent \$5,300 in his campaign chest. So he announced last week that he was refunding all supporters' contributions of \$5 and more at 46¢ on the dollar.

Running Out of Riots

When cities started erupting into racial violence during the 1960s, dangerously little was known about the phenomenon of urban rioting. Brandeis University founded the Lemberg Center for the Study of Violence in 1966, and it began analyzing the causes of civic disturbances, charting their numbers, and advising community leaders on ways of handling and preventing them. The center stressed the importance of contingency planning for all situations, the usefulness of third-party negotiations and the importance of maintaining the trust of violence-prone groups.

Recently, large-scale civic disruptions have dwindled in number. The Lemberg staff has dwindled as well, from 30 persons at the height of the disturbances to a present five. Later this year the center will quietly close its doors.

"The Lemberg Center is ending because we were concerned with collective violence," said Director John Spiegel last week, "and this marks the end of an era in which that phenomenon was dominant... There are still many events of severe conflict in neighborhoods, around schools, in prisons. But these phenomena remain localized and are much more susceptible to mediation and what we now call conflict-regulation. We no longer say conflict-regulation, because that is too optimistic."

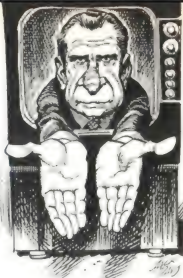
The Prospering Bureaucrats

If much of America has been suffering with the economic misfires of Phases I through IV, some Government employees at least have been humming along rather nicely. The U.S. Census Bureau revealed last week that Arlington County, Va., bedroom for much of the Washington bureaucracy, enjoys the highest per capita income (at \$5,446) in the nation. A full 37.6% of Arlington's wage earners are federal employees. "When there are bad times in the country, they hire more people in Washington," observes Dr. Kenneth M. Haggerty, an Arlington dentist and acting county board chairman. In terms of income, he points out, Arlingtonians don't have the economic "peaks and valleys" other parts of the country have. Well, at least not the valleys.

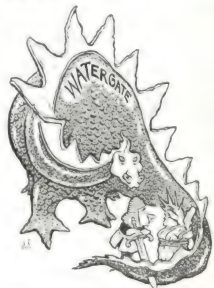
A Source of Inspiration

American bathrooms, it is generally conceded, are the world's finest. Even Edmund Wilson, the literary critic, admitted that he "derived a good deal more benefit of the civilizing as well as of the inspirational kind from the admirable American bathroom than I have from the cathedrals of Europe."

This noble American institution presently appears to be in some jeopardy. Across the U.S. there are reports of a dire shortage of toilets. Hospitals, homes, schools and office buildings, habitable in all other respects, still stand idle because their bathrooms have not been completed. One of the reasons for the shortage is a recent ten-week strike that shut down the major manufacturers of vitreous china, the substance used in the construction of toilets. But another problem is the soaring demand for bathrooms. While there were 35 home toilets per 100 Americans in 1960, the number increased to 42 in 1970 and continues to rise. In the meantime, where are Americans to seek inspiration? Cathedrals, perhaps?



"Trust me..."



"There, now, aren't we glad we've got that behind us?"

Scrambling to Break Clear of Watergate

As Richard Nixon finally went on television last week to make his first report to the American people in three months, he faced perhaps the toughest audience of his career. A Gallup poll showed that he had become the least popular President in 20 years, with only 31% of the people approving of the way he was handling his job. The Oliver Quayle poll further announced that if the 1972 elections were to be repeated today, Senator George McGovern (who received only 38% of the popular vote) would win with 51%. The only comfort the polls held for the President was the curious paradox that, while 73% suspected him of complicity in the Watergate cover-up, only 26% wanted him removed from office.

Clearly, a troubled nation was waiting for an explanation, a restoration of public trust. What it received instead was a plea by the President to put aside the "backward-looking obsession with Watergate [that] is causing this nation to neglect matters of far greater importance." He made no real effort to answer the damaging charges and questions that have emerged from three months of testimony before the Ervin committee: he merely reiterated that the charges against him were false. Perhaps understandably, he had nothing at all to say about the latest scandal to involve his Administration: the grand jury investigation in Baltimore of kickback and extortion charges that gravely threatens Vice President Spiro Agnew (see following story).

No Relief. In some respects, it was a brilliantly crafted speech, straightforward-sounding and without the self-pity of last April's performance. It was carefully balanced between shouldering the blame and pushing it off on others, between condemning Watergate and excusing it, between criticizing the cover-up and justifying it on security grounds. He "deplored" the Watergate acts but also suggested that they were only the work of a few officials acting out of misguided zeal and somehow infected by the excesses of the radicals in the '60s. He accepted overall responsibility but also managed to imply that he was not to blame for being misinformed—and misinformed largely by one man, John Dean. He reaffirmed his desire to get at the truth and yet complained that the investigators of the scandal were mired in the past and determined to implicate the President even if it meant damaging the country. "If you want the mandate you gave this Administration to be carried out," the President declared, "then I ask for your help to ensure that those who would exploit Watergate in order to keep us from doing what we were elected to do will not succeed..."

In short, the President was scrambling

to break clear of Watergate, pleading other urgent business. For the present at least, that other business offered no relief, no encouragement for the country. Nixon defined his mandate thus: "to control inflation, to reduce the power and size of Government, to cut the cost of living... to achieve peace with honor in Southeast Asia and bring home America's prisoners of war, to build a new prosperity without inflation and without war..."

It was at best a list of unmet challenges, at worst a catalogue of failure. The President has indeed ended U.S. involvement in the war and brought home

tend to divert suspicion from him."

The President had spent long days in mulling over his line of attack. On Aug. 7 Nixon awoke at 2 a.m., took a notebook from his bedside table and wrote a six-page outline of the main points he wanted to make. That evening he sailed on the Potomac for two hours aboard the presidential yacht *Sequoia* with his favorite speechwriter, Raymond Price. The following day he asked his chief of staff, Alexander Haig, to poll the White House senior staff and others for their thoughts on what he should say and how he should say it. Suggestions ranged, as one staff mem-



PRESIDENT NIXON ADDRESSING THE NATION LAST WEEK ON THE WATERGATE SCANDAL

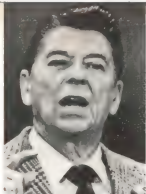
A troubled nation was waiting for an explanation.

the prisoners, but he has failed to realize most of his domestic goals. His price freeze has given way to Phase IV, and across the nation the cost of food and other commodities is soaring to record levels. The Department of Agriculture estimates that food prices will rise 20% this year; in New York City, the cost of groceries jumped an appalling 3.9% in the space of seven days (see THE ECONOMY).

In trying to put Watergate aside and get on with the nation's problems, Nixon may well be in tune with the country's mood. But that was not the same as restoring trust. As Senator Barry Goldwater put it, "In my opinion, he did not add anything that would

ber later described it, from "mea culpa" to a two-faced hard-line approach." But the consensus was that the speech should be "moderate, dignified, strong in adherence to principle and hopefully presidential in character." Nixon's legal advisers, J. Fred Buzhardt, Leonard Garment and Charles Alan Wright, went to work on a statement that was to be released simultaneously with the TV speech. The statement proved to be a slightly more detailed version of the speech but, unlike the President's May 22 statement on Watergate, contained few facts or legal arguments.

On Aug. 9 the President flew to Camp David with Haig, Price and Press Secretary Ron Ziegler. They were soon



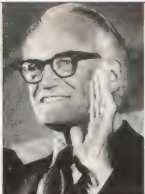
GOVERNOR RONALD REAGAN



THE REV. RALPH ABERNATHY



GOVERNOR LINWOOD HOLTON



SENATOR BARRY GOLDWATER

joined by a second speechwriter, Pat Buchanan, who is more conservative and hard-hitting than Price. For two days, both writers worked on the speech, with Nixon editing their copy by scribbling extensive notes in the margins and sometimes dictating new paragraphs to Haig.

The speech was not finished until Aug. 14, the day before its delivery, when Nixon applied the finishing touches to the eleventh—and final—draft. The speech was so difficult to prepare, explained one of the men who worked on it, "because in many respects it was a needle-threading operation. He had to touch on the important aspects of Watergate without getting bogged down in the nits of it. He made a very keen effort to be balanced and objective."

The President arrived in the Oval Office just two minutes before air time and concentrated on arranging himself for the camera. His face looked drawn, but his hands were steady.

It was obvious almost from the start that those who had expected a full presidential explanation would be disappointed. Whatever his attempts to be "balanced and objective" may have been, he began by criticizing the Ervin committee for its "effort to implicate the President personally in illegal activities." He said that "the facts are complicated, the evidence conflicting," and he added, in an extraordinary attempt to keep above the battle, "I shall not attempt to deal tonight with the various charges in detail." Instead, he said, he would simply provide a "perspective from the standpoint of the presidency."

On his own role in Watergate, he reasserted his innocence. "In all the millions of words of testimony [before the Ervin committee], there is not the slightest suggestion that I had any knowledge of the planning for the Watergate break-in." As for any knowledge of the cover-up, said Nixon, his innocence had been challenged by "only one of the 35 witnesses"—John Dean—"who offered no evidence beyond his own impressions, and whose testimony has been contradicted by every other witness in a position to know the facts."

Having repeated his denials, the President added practically no details in response to the testimony before the Ervin committee. Among the many things he chose not to explain were:

1) Why he did not respond to Acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray's astonishing assertion to him on July 6, 1972, that certain White House aides were trying to "mortally wound" the President by interfering with the FBI and CIA.

2) His comments to Dean in September 1972 that led the White House counsel to believe the President knew all about the cover-up.

3) The illegal disbursement of huge sums by his aides to the original seven Watergate defendants.

4) Why, when he launched his own investigation last March 21, he did not immediately solicit the aid of the FBI or the CIA.

Summarizing his earlier position, Nixon insisted: "Because I trusted the agencies conducting the investigations, and because I believed the reports I was getting, I did not believe the newspaper accounts that suggested a cover-up. I was convinced there was no cover-up because I was convinced that no one had anything to cover up." He did not explain how he and his Administration could have been misled for nine months by only one man, Dean; nor did he try to excuse the managerial ineptitude that this implies.

The President's other principal points:

ON THE WHITE HOUSE "PLUMBERS"

In the statement that accompanied his speech, the President alluded to efforts by Watergate Defendant E. Howard Hunt to demand \$120,000 from the White House as his price for not talking about "other activities, unrelated to Watergate, in which he had engaged."

Referring to the burglary of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office, directed by Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy, Nixon said he had erred in his May 22 statement when he stated that he learned of the burglary at the time he launched his own Watergate investigation on March 21. Actually, said Nixon, he had been informed of it a few days earlier, on March 17. But he delayed in passing on the information about the break-in to the Ellsberg trial judge, Matthew Byrne, until April 25. He added that he had ordered Assistant Attorney General Henry Petersen to stay out of the Ellsberg affair because he feared disclosures that could "seriously injure the national security."

ON THE WHITE HOUSE TAPES

Despite his proposal that the Watergate case be "turned over to the courts," the President vigorously defended his refusal to surrender to the courts the evidence contained in the tapes of presidential conversations that the White House secretly recorded. Aware that his refusal has damaged his credibility, he apparently felt obliged to explain his position at length. "For very good reasons," he declared, "no branch of Government has ever compelled disclosure of confidential conversations between officers of other branches of Government and their advisers about Government business." Confidentiality and trust are absolutely essential to the conduct of the presidency, he maintained—though he did not address himself to the betrayal of trust involved in the secret recording of private conversations in the first place. Nor did he respond to suggestions that he might release the tapes to a select panel of judges without violating any trust. The conversations between the President and his advisers, Nixon contended, were as private and as legally privileged as those between "a lawyer and a client, between a priest and a penitent and between a husband and a wife."

ON THE WATERGATE "MENTALITY"

The President accepted "full responsibility" for the acts of his aides, adding: "No political campaign ever justifies obstructing justice, or harassing individuals, or compromising [the] great agencies of Government." In one of his most refreshing passages, he continued: "I reject the cynical view that politics is inevitably or even usually a dirty business. Let us not allow what a few overzealous people did in Watergate to tar the reputation of the millions of dedicated Americans who fought hard but clean for the candidates of their choice in 1972."

Then, trying to explain the origins of recent political skulduggery, Nixon sought to link the Watergate case with the civil disobedience of the 1960s, which, he said, "brought a rising spiral of violence and fear, of riots and arson and bombings, all in the name of peace and justice. . . . The notion that the end justifies the means proved contagious." It was not surprising, he continued, "even though it is deplorable, that some persons in 1972 adopted the morality

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that they themselves had rightly condemned and committed acts that have no place in our political system."

Though Nixon was obviously right in condemning all varieties of illegality, and although he may well have been right when he said that the White House was reacting to threats of violence from the left, he failed to make a distinction between the protests of citizens and the misuse of the vast police powers of the state. Commented the *Washington Post*: "What is the President trying to tell us? That Abbie Hoffman set a bad example for John Mitchell and that the former chief law officer of the land was very impressionable?"

ON THE NEED TO GET ON WITH IT

Nixon spoke with commendable hope about the need for a new attitude in American politics and for "a renewed respect for the mutual restraints that are the mark of a free and civilized society." For his own part, he pledged "a new level of political decency and integrity." Yet even as he did so, he could not resist a partisan shot or two. In a particularly sharp rebuke to the Ervin committee, he seemed to be implying that all Government good works had been stalled by the Senate investigation of Watergate.

"Legislation vital to your health and well-being sits unattended on the congressional calendar," the President complained, obscuring the fact that it is the Executive Branch—and not Congress—that has been paralyzed by Watergate. "Confidence at home and abroad

in our foreign policy is being sapped by uncertainty," said Nixon, as if Phase IV and the price of beef depended upon the support of Senator Sam Ervin. "These are matters that will not wait," said Nixon. "They cry out for action now. Either we, as your elected representatives here in Washington, ought to get on with the jobs that need to be done—for you—or every one of you ought to be demanding to know why."

The scrappy touches in the Nixon speech suggested that the President might be getting ready to fight his critics harder from now on; indeed, one of his aides affirmed that Nixon was prepared, if necessary, "to get into a rough brawl." Even the physical setting for last week's speech seemed to provide an image of an austere Chief Executive. Gone were the bust of Lincoln and the photograph of the Nixon family that he had used as trappings for his April 30 address—and been ridiculed for. This time he was flanked only by an American flag and a presidential flag. Throughout the speech, he was restrained and businesslike. When it was over, he paused for just a moment to chat dutifully with the TV camera crew, then withdrew to his family quarters to receive congratulatory calls from supporters.

Much of the reaction to any presidential address is, of course, quite inevitable; the President's friends rally, his opponents attack. To California Governor Ronald Reagan, last week's message was "the voice of reason." Virginia Governor Linwood Holton, a moderate Republican, liked the speech ("I agree that we should get on with the public's business"), and so did New Hampshire Governor Meldrim Thomson, who felt that "his analogy to the riots of the 1960s was excellent."

Another Rerun. Ohio Republican Congressman Clarence Brown was not wholly satisfied, but he believes that most people are indeed getting sick of Watergate. "The reaction I get from the people here," he says, "is, 'Aren't you all getting sort of seized up in the autopsy? Aren't there other things we ought to be doing?'"

Some of the Democratic opposition was equally predictable. Senator Ervin, vacationing in North Carolina (see page 16), called the speech "a rehash, a solicitation of the public to make the committee quit working." He said that it reminded him of the old lawyer who advised a young colleague: "When the facts of law are against you, give somebody hell." Ohio Governor John J. Gilligan slyly noted that in Nixon's discussion of the confidentiality that exists between lawyer and client and between husband and wife, the President "stopped short of [mentioning] the relationship between psychiatrist and patient—which his top staff went out of their way to violate." Ralph Nader disliked the speech; so did the Rev. Ralph Abernathy, the newly re-elected head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, who, at a mass rally in In-



WATCHING IN PITTSBURGH BAR
"That dog won't hunt."

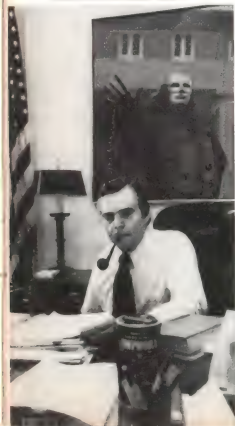
dianapolis, heatedly called for the President's arrest.

The President would hardly have expected the New York *Times* or the *Washington Post* to acclaim his speech, and neither did. "A sad, disappointing and wholly unconvincing performance," said the *Times*. To the *Post* it was a speech of "large silences and vague insinuations."

But Nixon could scarcely have anticipated the breadth of criticism that the speech produced. The *Atlanta Constitution* somewhat hyperbolically called it "one of the low points in the history of American democracy." The *Boston Globe* headlined a news analysis of the speech ANOTHER SUMMER RERUN. The Scripps-Howard papers, which customarily support Nixon, dismissed the speech as "regrettable, not to say disappointing," branded his policy on the tapes "a grave mistake," and added that "people with nothing to hide do not hide things." On the other hand, the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, a loyal Nixon supporter, pleaded for restraint to prevent "the current overkill" from damaging the President's ability to govern.

The most common reaction among both liberals and conservatives alike was that the President had disappointed the country by saying nothing new. Senator Edward Brooke, a moderate Republican, was one of the unimpressed. "The President did not answer these serious charges with any specifics. We wanted facts; he gave us rhetoric." Michigan Republican Governor William Milliken, similarly, said he had hoped that Nixon "might be willing, in a more tangible way, to confirm what he was saying." Republican Congress-

SPEECHWRITER RAYMOND PRICE



THE NATION

man Mark Andrews of North Dakota agrees that the public is more concerned about high food prices than about Watergate, but he also believes that the two different problems "make a most potent political combination."

In the middle were tens of millions of Americans who, while they might be tiring of Watergate, had not been sufficiently reassured to put their minds at rest. "I'd like to believe he's innocent," said Raven I. McDavid Jr., an English professor at the University of Chicago, "but he sure isn't giving me much opportunity." An industrial engineer from Holyoke, Mass., Joe Cahill, agreed: "You want to believe him, but you cannot." Jim Brandon, a Little Rock advertising man, referred to an Arkansas expression, "That dog won't hunt." He added: "Well, that sums up my reaction. Nixon attempted to get off the hook, but he didn't make it."

At week's end, the Gallup poll reported that, of the unusually large number of Americans who had watched the address, 44% found it "not at all" convincing, while 15% concluded that it was "completely" convincing, and the rest were scattered in between. In response to other questions, 66% said that the speech had not increased their confidence in the Nixon Administration, 56% believed that Nixon should turn over the presidential tapes, and 58% disagreed with his assertion that civil rights and antiwar protests helped create the atmosphere that led to Watergate.

In Doubt. Despite such indications from the hustings, Nixon and his advisers seem to believe that the crisis is past, and that the President can now emerge from his isolation. This week in New Orleans he will address the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and soon after that will hold his first press conference since March 15. Left reporters become overly optimistic, however. Deputy Press Secretary Gerald Warren let it be known last week that Nixon may choose not to respond to detailed questions about Watergate, on the ground that he has already spoken "forthrightly" on the subject.

Presumably the White House is banking on the belief that the public has lost its taste for Watergate and that the threat of impeachment is past. But this is not the whole issue. "I don't think he's in danger of not surviving," reflected Republican Congressman John Anderson of Illinois last week. "But he has to survive with a kind of moral authority and capacity for governance that rest upon the trust and confidence of the people—and this wasn't helped by his performance last night."

That indeed is the question. The President may well have "survived" in office, but his ability to govern effectively, to control a runaway inflation and to restore a shaken dollar, to prevail upon a suspicious Congress and a semiparalyzed bureaucracy—all this remains in doubt.

GRAND JURY MEMBERS IN BALTIMORE

THE VICE PRESIDENCY

Heading Toward an Indictment?

Fresh from a round of golf and good living at Frank Sinatra's spread in Palm Springs, Vice President Spiro T. Agnew returned to Washington last week to deal with the charges of corruption that have threatened his entire political future. After meeting with his attorneys for most of a day, the Vice President sent a letter to George Beall, the U.S. Attorney in Baltimore, offering to let the prosecutor examine Agnew's personal financial records for the past 6½ years "at any time you may desire." Furthermore, said Agnew, he would be happy to submit to a "personal interview" with Beall "so that I may answer any questions you have." All in all, it seemed the performance of a man anxious to prove, as Agnew has claimed, that he had "nothing to hide."

Despite all the Vice President's protestations of innocence, however, TIME has learned that in the view of Justice Department officials in Washington, the case against him is growing steadily stronger, and that an indictment appears inevitable. Besides the two Maryland contractors prepared to testify that they delivered extorted campaign contributions to Agnew (TIME, Aug. 20), the Government has a third witness with a similar story. He is Allen I. Green, 49, president of a Maryland engineering firm, a man for many years regarded as one of Agnew's closest friends. Green reportedly has said that he gave kickbacks to Agnew about five times a year when Agnew was Governor of Maryland (1967-68) and slightly less often after he was inaugurated Vice President in 1969.

"The department has no choice," a Justice official in Washington said. "At least three witnesses have told of delivering cash payoffs to Agnew. The evidence is so strong that the case must be taken to trial." A federal grand jury in Baltimore is expected to vote an indictment next month charging Agnew

with, among other things, bribery and extortion.

Green and the Government's two other prime witnesses, Jerome Wolff and Lester Matz, both also engineering consultants and former Agnew associates, have told prosecutors that they delivered to Agnew personally cash kickbacks from their own firms and as many as a score of other state and federal contractors in Maryland. For example, Matz has claimed that on one occasion in 1971 he carried \$2,500 right into the Vice President's private office in the Executive Office Building and handed it to Agnew, allegedly in return for Agnew's help in getting one of Matz's friends a job in the General Services Ad-



ARCHIVIST EXAMINING AGNEW RECORDS





AGNEW AT DAM DEDICATION IN LITTLETON, COLO.
The schedule was all too usual.

ministration. (That story was promptly denied by another friend of Agnew's, Annapolis Banker J. Walter Jones, who Matz claimed was present during the transaction. "Such a thing is ridiculous," Jones said.)

Prosecutors said that many payoffs delivered to Agnew were disguised as campaign contributions and were used to finance his political races over the years. One of the traditional devices was to sell tickets to a "bull roast" or some similar political festivity, since tickets costing less than \$51 need not be reported. Green, Matz and Wolff have all been contributors to Agnew campaigns at one time or another, and Agnew has freely admitted that contractors are among those who have furthered his political fortunes.

Such gifts may be open to serious conflict-of-interest questions, but nothing about them necessarily involves the crimes for which Agnew has been told he is being investigated—extortion, bribery, tax evasion and conspiracy. Thus the Government presumably has evidence that contractors' payments to Agnew were demanded in return for specific favors and were paid and collected in that spirit rather than as legitimate campaign funds. As for Agnew's offer to open his personal financial books, sources close to the case point out that cash payments used for campaign purposes probably would not find their way into Agnew's accounts.

What is puzzling to some investigators is the comparatively paltry amount of money involved. Justice Department officials have declined to provide an estimate of the total amount under investigation, but one of them says: "It's less than you'd think. Agnew wasn't greedy; he was quite cheap." Indeed, of the payments so far alleged, only a few exceeded \$10,000, and many were between \$2,000 and \$2,500. In states where corruption thrives on a ma-

nor-league scale—New Jersey, or Illinois, where a secretary of state died in 1970 with \$800,000 stashed in shoeboxes in his hotel room—such sums are hardly worth mentioning.

Nevertheless, Agnew has apparently realized the gravity of the Government's case against him. TIME has learned that the Vice President has sought the help of Nixon's Watergate defense team (Lawyers J. Fred Buzhardt, Leonard Garment and Charles Alan Wright) in preparing a constitutional defense that would prevent his having to go on trial any time soon. The White House lawyers were specifically asked to explore the possibility that the Vice President might adopt Nixon's own argument that a President (or Vice President) cannot be criminally prosecuted until after he has been impeached, convicted and removed from office by Congress. The chances of an Agnew impeachment are not very strong at present, but the prospect of another client's demanding White House constitutional protection has hardly pleased Nixon's legal staff. "We've got enough work on our hands with Ervin and Cox," said one. "Agnew's got his own lawyers."

The Vice President was briefed on the Government's case in early August by Attorney General Elliot Richardson. In the continuing, rather paranoid hunt for secret plots or motives behind Agnew's sudden legal difficulties, his supporters have advanced the notion that Richardson may be the culprit: to wreck Agnew's presidential hopes and further his own chance for the G.O.P. nomination in 1976. Last week the chief of the Justice Department's Criminal Division, Henry E. Petersen, drove to Baltimore to inspect the evidence against Agnew collected by Beall and his three assistants, Barnet D. Skolnik, Russell T. Baker Jr. and Ronald S. Liebman. Petersen even interrogated Engineer Matz, presumably to determine for himself the credibility of the key witness.

Too Usual. The 23-member grand jury investigating the kickback conspiracy continued to hear testimony, but it found itself temporarily without a judge when U.S. District Judge C. Stanley Blair, who served as Agnew's chief of staff during the first two years of his vice presidency, understandably asked to be relieved of the job of presiding over the inquiry. Because of various other associations with Agnew or with Maryland politics, the other judges in the district declined to take on Blair's assignment. At week's end, U.S. Appeals Court Judge Clement F. Haynsworth Jr. selected Federal District Judge Walter E. Hoffman of Virginia, a Republican who has been on the bench for 19 years, to handle the case.

Attempting to maintain the appear-

ance of business as usual, Agnew gamely followed a schedule last week that was all too usual for Vice Presidents: the dedication of a new dam in Littleton, Colo. (where he was welcomed by some hostile demonstrators) and a speech at the AFL-CIO Boilermakers convention in Denver. "Just as each citizen has a right to criticize those in public office," he told the union members, "so does every public official have a right to defend his actions, his honor, his integrity and his good name." Agnew was speaking of Nixon's efforts to extricate himself from Watergate, but the words clearly applied as well to his own deepening dilemma.

FBI

Past Dirty Tricks

Political dirty tricks, as White House spokesmen never tire of explaining, are hardly a novelty, nor is the use of the FBI to help play those tricks. According to a memo by William Sullivan, former No. 3 man at the FBI, the White House has a point. He says both Franklin Roosevelt and Lyndon Johnson used the agency as a weapon against political opponents.

The memo was solicited by John Dean when he was still White House Counsel. Subsequently, he turned it over to the Ervin committee, which has not yet got around to making any use of it. Though it is still confidential, its contents were divulged to TIME.

Sullivan had personal reasons for writing his memo. He had apparently been friendly with a number of Nixon officials, and this brought him into conflict with J. Edgar Hoover, who fired him two years ago. Sullivan offered to testify on behalf of the Nixon Administration and "draw a very clear contrast" between its relationship to the bureau and that of previous Administrations. His material, he assured Dean, would put the current Administration in "a very favorable light."

Sullivan compiled his memo from FBI records of presidential requests for political help, though no records apparently exist of what the bureau did in response. Omitting the Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy Administrations, Sullivan concentrates on the two Presidents who made the most extensive political use of the FBI: Roosevelt and Johnson. "Complete and willing cooperation was given to both," he says.

F.D.R. used to ask the agency to dig up dirt on his enemies, and he called off investigations of his friends, notably Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles, who had been accused of homosexual behavior. "Mrs. Roosevelt would also make some unusual requests," Sullivan cryptically writes.

But Johnson, says Sullivan, went much further than the Roosevelts. In "devious and complex" ways, he would "ask the FBI for derogatory information

THE NATION

of one type or another on Senators in his own Democratic Party who were opposing him. This information he would give to the Republican Senator [Everett] Dirksen, who would use it with telling effect." During the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings in 1966, White House Aide W. Marvin Watson told the FBI that the President was worried that "his policies are losing ground." He wanted the agency to check out the possibility that Senator William Fulbright and other committee members might be receiving information from Communists or other subversives. Noted Sullivan: "There was no evidence of this." At another time, the President asked the FBI to see if it could uncover Republicans he suspected of fomenting a riot in New York to embarrass the White House. When none turned up, Johnson asked again, "Weren't there at least one or two Republicans involved?" Sullivan: "Again the answer had to be no."

Lowly Salesman. For both the 1964 and 1968 Democratic national conventions, L.B.J. ordered the FBI to set up a special squad to be used by him in various ways. "The cover would be that it was a security squad against militants," wrote Sullivan. "Nothing of this scope had ever been done before or since to my memory."

Even a lowly insurance salesman provoked Johnson into calling on the FBI. In 1964, Don Reynolds testified before the Senate Rules Committee that he had been forced to buy advertising time on the LBJ family television station in exchange for selling the President a life insurance policy. Johnson asked the FBI to look into the possibility that Reynolds had been given \$25,000 for "bribery purposes for the Republican Party." The FBI ran a check but found nothing.

When L.B.J.'s aide Walter Jenkins was arrested in a homosexual incident on the eve of the 1964 election, the President bargained the FBI with requests. He

told the agency to make a report stating that Jenkins had never engaged in a previous homosexual act and had posed no security problem. He also asked the bureau to establish a link between Jenkins and Barry Goldwater. "He advised the FBI that Goldwater would find it difficult to deny he knew Jenkins well personally." On the chance that Jenkins might have been framed, Johnson asked the bureau to trace any possible connections between the man discovered with Jenkins and two members of the Republican National Committee. Finally, the President ordered the agency to try to persuade Jenkins' doctor to make a statement saying that his patient suffered from a brain disease; the doctor refused on the basis of his examination.

Before the 1968 election, L.B.J. became convinced that the Republicans were trying to sabotage the Paris peace talks. Their agent, he figured, was Mrs. Anna Chennault, widow of the general who commanded the famed Flying Tigers in China during World War II; she was supposedly urging the South Vietnamese to boycott the peace talks. Johnson ordered the FBI to put a "physical surveillance on Mrs. Chennault for the purpose of developing political information which could be used against Mr. Nixon." Believing that G.O.P. Vice-Presidential Candidate Spiro Agnew was in touch with Mrs. Chennault, Johnson ordered records of his phone calls to her checked. But Agnew turned out not to be implicated.

"Incidentally," reported Sullivan, "Johnson would call the director from time to time to ask: 'Did you have a telephone tap on me when I was in the Senate?' He was always told we did not, which was the truth. But he never seemed to believe it."

Despite obvious prejudices and omissions, there is no reason to dispute the memo's basic thesis: White House misuse of the FBI antedates the Nixon Administration.

THE COMMITTEE

Frying Fish with The Folks at Home

When the Watergate committee recessed a fortnight ago, Senator Sam Ervin served notice on the press that he wanted peace and quiet. "I'm going down to North Carolina," he said, "and do what all those moonshiners do when the revenuers come after 'em. If I see a reporter lurkin' around, I'm gonna shoot 'im." But after the 15th call from the press one morning of his vacation, he grumbled resignedly: "It makes me sorry I didn't go to Scotland."

At least his fellow citizens in Morgantown, N.C., tried to make his life easy. "We didn't even carry a story on his reaction to the Nixon speech," said J.D. Fitz, publisher of the Morgantown *News-Herald*. "We didn't want to bother him. He's the same as always, and we're the same as always. Most everyone here loved Senator Sam before all this television. They still do." Sam pays a daily visit to his office, sifts through the mail, then strolls down the street greeting friends and neighbors. One afternoon he mowed the lawn in front of his one-story red brick home. Townsfolk passing by called out: "Hi, Senator Sam." Mopping his animated brow, Sam shouted back: "Hi, Harry," "Hi, Miz Hulfman."

Facing re-election next year, Senator Sam has not decided whether or not to make the race. One factor in his decision will be the reaction to his Watergate performance. Favorable mail has declined from a peak of 7 to 1, to 3 to 1. (Said one critic: "Working people can't see where he's doing anything for the state by going on television and quoting the Bible.") The Senator spends his evenings spreading the wisdom of the Bible and the U.S. Constitution. He addressed some 3,000 bipartisan picnickers at the Transylvania County Trout Festival. "It's great to escape from the confusion of Washington," he said, "where some people in high places don't look where they are going and some don't go where they are looking." Then he autographed Senator Sam T-shirts. "Most of the people who came up to me say they are in favor of the investigation," he reports. "Those who are opposed write letters to the editor. It was a very nice fish fry."

Howard Baker is relaxing with his family in his home town of Huntsville, Tenn. (pop. 337), deep in the heart of Appalachia. He likes to play tennis and ride a trail bike around the mountains in the company of his 17-year-old daughter Cynthia. An avid photographer, he has been known to interrupt a tennis game to photograph a flower or a plant that has caught his eye. Last week even a weed captivated him. "The



FBI MAN SULLIVAN TESTIFYING IN 1970 ON CAMPUS UNREST
Cooperation was complete, including the unusual requests.



ERVIN AUTOGRAPHING T SHIRT



INOUE SOCIALIZING IN HONOLULU

sun had caught the weed just right," a friend explained. "He'd been watching for several days to get the proper shot."

This week Baker is starting to test the political waters, which he found warm and congenial when he traveled around the state during the July 4 recess. Though most people continue to greet him affectionately, he hears of a possible cooling off. Some Tennessee liberals complain that he handled the White House higher-ups too gingerly. "I have heard a lot of people say that he wasn't as tough on the big boys as he was on the spear carriers," says State Democratic Chairman James Sasser. Republican Governor Winfield Dunn, on the other hand, praises Baker: "He has conducted himself with dignity in a difficult situation." Baker's first stop will be the mountains of East Tennessee, a G.O.P. stronghold since the Civil War. "I'm going there first," he says, "because that's where Nixon is God. If something's happening there, then..."

Every morning at 4:30, Herman Talmadge rises from his bed, dons his

Marine Corps coveralls and a pair of paratrooper boots, slaps on a hunting cap and goes out to fish in the pond on his 2,100-acre farm in Lovejoy, Ga. As the dawn begins to streak the sky, he returns to his antebellum home, so characteristically Southern that it was used as a backdrop in *Gone With the Wind*. Invigorated by his stroll, he whips up a breakfast of melon, ham and eggs.

Before most politicians have opened their eyes, he is on his way to his first appointment of the day in Atlanta. Up for re-election next year, he is busily mending fences, which are scarcely in a state of disrepair. Talmadge admits that parts of the hearings were "just as interesting as last week's funny papers," but he denies that the committee is "out to get anyone." Says he: "We're just trying to find out if a crime was committed in the White House."

Talmadge, who has been getting up to 1,200 Watergate letters a day (almost

mander in Germany. But more people than ever before approach him on the street to tell him their views on Watergate. This week he plans to seek a more remote refuge in some Caribbean island, where he intends neither to answer a telephone nor to read a newspaper. "I want to find me a tennis racket and savagely attack a tennis ball to get Watergate out of my system."

When reporters have not been bothering Senator Lowell Weicker, he has been writing about them. Before he was involved in Watergate, he started a book on the need for a shield law for the press. All proceeds, he says, will be turned over to the Bicentennial Commission. "Otherwise, people would say I was taking advantage of all that free publicity on television."

Last week he managed to avoid the press for half a day while he chatted with four of the convicted Watergate



TALMADGE RELAXING AT HOME IN GEORGIA

ten times the normal rate), has never been more popular in his home state. "Hummon is the only one of those clowns who knows how to get at the truth," said a young Atlanta executive, who did not have a good word for any of the other Watergate interrogators. Hunched over a mug of beer, an advertising man declared: "Hummon isn't the kind to get all puffed up. Why should he? He doesn't need his ego massaged like the rest of those Senators."

Edward Gurney has been trying harder than any of his colleagues to escape Watergate. Washington has become depressing to him because it is "Watergate, Watergate, Watergate and nothing else." Much of his mail, says Gurney, criticizes the investigation for "hurting the country and the economy and the Government. They say we ought to shut the thing down. I've been saying that myself for some time."

Since reaching his home in Winter Park, Fla., Gurney has made an effort to rest his bad back, injured in World War II when he served as a tank com-



GURNEY WATCHING NIXON

conspirators in the federal prison at Danbury. "I cannot say I am enthralled with the equities of the situation," he said. "Here are four men in jail, two of whom have a great deal of trouble speaking English, while hundreds go free." Could he offer them any help? "That is what I am trying to figure out."

A liberal Republican, Weicker has been harshly criticized by conservatives for his vigorous questioning of White House aides. One out of three letters he receives tells him, in so many words, to resign from the party. Just before Weicker prepared to leave for four days of sun and tennis in Sarasota, Fla. ("I have no modesty on the tennis courts"), he was assailed by a big Republican fund raiser, Gordon Reed. Replied Weicker: "One of the reasons I am sitting on that panel is so [Reed] can continue to make comments like that without having to worry about retribution."

Returning home from his difficulties on the Watergate committee, Joseph Montoya found New Mexicans surprisingly sympathetic about criticism of his performance. It was not his fault, they said, that the press derided him for asking repetitive or irrelevant questions. He was in fast company, and it was hard to keep up under the TV pressure. On home turf, he is noted for his oratory in both Spanish or English.

As he toured small communities in the northern part of the state, Montoya was besieged for autographs. When he visited a new track called Santa Fe Downs, a race was named in his honor. Constituents have been pouring into his offices in Albuquerque and Santa Fe. Says he: "This instant recognition is a new experience."

The Watergate hearings were not broadcast live in Hawaii; a condensed 90-minute version was put on after the 10 p.m. news. Even so, Daniel Inouye became a local hero, as he discovered when he returned home. "It gets to be a little embarrassing," says he. Of the 2,000 letters he receives each day, 85% support the hearings in general and his performance in particular. Attorney John J. Wilson could not have done him a bigger favor than to call him a "little Jap." Since one-third of Hawaii's population is of Japanese origin, the state was indignant. There was even a boomlet for Inouye for President. A reader wrote the Honolulu *Advertiser*: "Inouye certainly has everything a President should have except a right arm."

Despite a steady schedule of speeches, dinners and handshakes, Inouye took time out to celebrate his parents' 50th wedding anniversary. As an almost obligatory ritual, he managed to get to the beach, where he acquired a Hawaiian suntan. He returns to the mainland this week. "For the first time in a long while," he says, "people are able to better understand government. Watergate is a wonderful educational process, but a painful one."

THE LOSERS

Watergate: The View from Jail

Life behind bars has not been kind to Convicted Watergate Conspirator E. Howard Hunt Jr. Only five months into his provisional 35-year sentence, he has become noticeably thinner—25 lbs. by his own measurement—his hair grayer, his eyes listless, and the muscles of his left calf have slightly atrophied as the result of a mild heart attack. He emerges from prison only to tell authorities what he knows about the Watergate break-in; so far, he has testified 19 times before grand juries and congressional committees. For security reasons, on those occasions his legs are put in irons and his wrists are manacled to a chain round his waist. Much of the time,

trip, visiting London, preparing to hit the lecture circuit and make some money." He shakes his head, looking down. "I can't for the life of me understand. Here are the prime conspirators walking around on the streets, free on bond. But there's no end in sight for me. I think it's ironic and inequitable."

Hunt still justifies his participation in Watergate and the plumbing activities on grounds of national security: His view of national security, in turn, derives from his unabashed right-wing politics and his almost paranoid suspicion of anyone who criticizes U.S. policies. The break-in at the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, he says, was

not to discredit Ellsberg personally but to find out whether Ellsberg "might be a controlled agent for the Soviets." Says Hunt: "He spent a period at Cambridge, and a lot of defectors like [British Double Agent Kim] Philby and others were from Cambridge."

Farfetched. Watergate, similarly, evolved from a mixture of rumors and anxieties about security. Hunt still clings to his rather farfetched explanation that Fellow Conspirator G. Gordon Liddy told him "that he had heard from reliable authority that Castro funds were going to the Democrats in hopes that a rapprochement with Cuba would be effected by a successful Democratic presidential candidate. The main purpose of the Watergate break-in was a photographic job—to get lists of contributors and check if any were blind fronts for Castro."

Hunt is not convinced that the discovery of the break-in team at the Democratic National Committee headquarters was an accident; he thinks he smells a trap. "There were just too many fishy things that occurred. What was the [plainclothes] mod squad doing out on the street some two-three hours after they were supposed to be off duty?" Hunt also suspects that Alfred C. Baldwin, who was the break-in team's lookout and who monitored the bugs from a Howard Johnson's motel room across the street, might have been a double agent.

Baldwin was a very convenient fellow. He had a girl friend at the D.N.C., and he somehow came up with the floor plan of the D.N.C. headquarters. He was never checked out at all—McCord got him off a job-wanted list of former FBI agents. He didn't do his job; he didn't alert anybody about the police



WATERGATE CONSPIRATOR E. HOWARD HUNT
No end in sight for convicted legmen.

however, Hunt broods bitterly in his cell. Last week *TIME* Correspondent David Beckwith visited him and sent this report:

E. Howard Hunt shows little reticence nowadays in talking about those whom he considers responsible for the Watergate raid. "I guess it's obvious now," says Hunt, "that the Watergate thing was planned by a small group of people—Mitchell, Magruder, maybe a few others. We were just legmen in that operation following decisions made by others, and yet we're the only ones who have suffered from it so far."

The fate of Mitchell's deputy Jeb Stuart Magruder, who last week pleaded guilty to obstructing justice, particularly irritates Hunt. Says he: "I saw a picture of Magruder taking a river raft

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THE NATION

until they were running around the D.N.C. with their guns drawn."

As for James W. McCord Jr., the conspirator who first started spilling the story of high officials' involvement, Hunt now portrays him as a bungler, "an electronic hitchhiker who shouldn't have been allowed on our operation." He says the bugging apparatus that McCord had bought was faulty and second-hand, even though McCord billed Liddy for new equipment. While he was inside the Watergate, McCord turned down his walkie-talkie or turned it off, apparently to conserve batteries. "There were just too many things that went wrong for them all to be coincidence," says Hunt darkly.

Hunt vehemently denies that he and his wife were attempting to shake down the White House for hush money. "Every time I hear the word blackmail it makes my blood boil. It wasn't blackmail or hush money... It was maintenance payments and lawyers' fees, the same sort of arrangement that the CIA gives its agents who are captured. We had no silence to sell. We knew the grand jury would be impeached following the trial, and that we would be immunized and forced to talk. Just because John Dean thought he was paying hush money doesn't make it necessarily so. I never heard the term Executive clemency until it started appearing in the news media."

No Concentration. Hunt, who once had five automobiles, riding horses and live-in servants, now leads a simple existence. At Danbury the prisoners are awakened at 6 in their barracks-style rooms and immediately make their beds, shower, shave and breakfast. At 8 Hunt reports to work in the prison library. At 10:30 there is a 90-minute lunch break, then another three and one-half hours in the comfortable library job. From 3:30 to 5:30 is dinner and free time, when Hunt attempts to answer sympathetic mail.

"Every day you're in prison seems four times as long as a normal day. We have a so-called law library at Danbury, but the latest law books are dated 1947. It's a disgrace. I've read where I'm sitting up in Danbury getting rich, writing a novel about Watergate. But I can't concentrate, especially without a typewriter."

"I haven't written a thing. I sit down with a pad and try to write longhand, but I can't think and I lose interest. I can't believe the money I'm spending on attorneys. It costs me \$1,200-\$1,500 every day I'm in a hearing or legal appearance. Luckily, my notoriety has sparked an interest in my books—I've had 19 titles issued this year, 17 reissues and two new ones—but all the money is going to lawyers."

Is the truth on Watergate really coming out? "Well, a lot of it is, but it's distorted. The Ervin committee questioning is erratic, but I'd better not criticize them because I'll be up there next month."

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

Panic Among the Continentals

The travel brochures describe the Virgin Islands as an "unspoiled paradise." If they once were, they are no longer.

The tourists still flock in—some 1,300,000 a year—to swim at Pelican Cove beach and go shopping at Sparkey's, Maison Charles or the Queen's Quarter Boutique. But among the white American "continentals" who make up perhaps a quarter of the three islands' 95,000 year-round residents, there is such fear of robbery and assault that many have armed themselves with guns and talk of fleeing to the mainland.

Last week one outbreak of violence came to a stormy conclusion. A jury of one white and eleven blacks (three of

All in all, the rash of murders on the largest island, St. Croix, totals 16 in the past eleven months, which in a population of 50,000 is a homicide rate higher than that of New York City. There were five victims, all white, in the last month alone. The most recent was Stanley Radulovic, 44, an island artist, who was shotgunned to death in a parking lot of the beach club he managed near Frederiksted. The previous night, a hotel reservations clerk in Christiansted, Laura Hardy, 52, and her mother, Elizabeth Hardy, 74, were beaten and strangled in their home. Earlier, in the same town, a man was shot to death on his front lawn, and a woman



CLEANUP SCENE AFTER THE KILLINGS AT THE FOUNTAIN VALLEY GOLF COURSE
A homicide rate higher than that of New York City.

whom later said they had been subjected to official pressure) found five young blacks guilty of murder in the shooting of eight people—four tourists from Miami and four islanders—during a \$750 robbery at the lavish Fountain Valley golf course (TIME, Sept. 18). As Judge Warren H. Young imposed eight consecutive life terms on each handcuffed defendant, the convicted men screamed obscenities, spat on the floor, struck out at the federal marshals who stood guard. Shouted Defendant Rafael Joseph, who was last to be sentenced: "The war has just begun!"

Later in the week another murder trial began in that same courtroom. Seven blacks stood accused of shooting two white patrons to death at the Brauhaus restaurant in Christiansted two months after the Fountain Valley slayings.

strangled in her office. (A 23-year-old black was arrested last week for the three women's deaths.) The St. Croix *Avis* warned against "a panic situation where no one will venture outside of his home after dark."

Until recently, island government officials—especially those charged with promoting tourism—insisted that racism was not involved in the crimes. Now even they admit that antiwhite resentment is partly to blame, though Governor Melvin H. Evans, himself black, protested last week that it had been "grossly, grossly, grossly exaggerated."

Much of the discontent originates with the natives' fear that they are being cut out of the islands' economy, which has been hit by both the mainland recession and the climate of fear itself. Tourism and mainland investments

THE NATION

have declined. Unemployment averages about 4.8%, but is far higher among young native blacks. Moreover, many lower-paying jobs are held by "aliens," nonwhites from other Caribbean islands. Declares Mario N. de Chabert, one of the defense attorneys in the Fountain Valley trial: "The continental is looked upon as a stranger. His children go to private schools, he hires aliens who are willing to accept poor wages and worse working conditions." Many young blacks, especially those who are veterans of Viet Nam, have a particularly emotional hatred of whites.

In reaction to the increased violence, some whites urged that vigilante groups be formed—a suggestion the authorities rejected. Instead, Governor Evans called for help from U.S. Attorney General Elliot Richardson. About a dozen FBI lab technicians flew in from the mainland, along with some 25 U.S. marshals who previously served at Wounded Knee, S. Dak., plus three police tracking dogs from Puerto Rico. In an unusual move, Evans warned tourists against walking on the streets at night and said that he was considering declaring martial law. Still, even many whites recognized that, as the *Daily News* of nearby St. Thomas editorialized: "All the police in the world will be of little use until the unpleasant truths of racial animosity are accepted and steps taken... to correct them."

ESPIONAGE

The Garbage Collector

Why such a hurry? That is what FBI agents wondered when a Soviet official whom they suspected of being an intelligence agent sought permission on short notice to travel from Washington to New York. Once the permission had been granted, FBI agents followed him to see what he was up to. On a smoggy Saturday evening, July 21, he walked into the lobby of a public building in Queens and paced anxiously back and forth. Two agents kept watch.

Just before 6 p.m., a man in a business suit strode briskly into the lobby and headed for a telephone booth. The Russian went into the adjoining booth. The American dialed a number; the Russian answered a ring. After a brief conversation, both men hung up and casually walked out of the building several paces apart. About a block away, they came closer together, finally met and started talking. At that point, the agents closed in and arrested both of them.

The still unnamed Russian claimed diplomatic immunity and was turned over to the Soviet consulate; the American, who refused to say anything, was searched. In his pocket were found keys to a rented car. The agents tracked down the car, opened the trunk, and discovered a plastic garbage bag filled with secret documents dealing with Air

Force counterintelligence procedures plus military data that the U.S. had learned about Russia.

The suspect turned out to be an Air Force technical sergeant who had compiled a flawless record during 18 years in the military. Three years ago, he had asked for an assignment in the Office of Special Investigations and was sent to Travis Air Force Base near San Francisco. His superiors thought highly of his work. He was about to be assigned to the Middle East.

Until the investigation is completed

—he is now confined on preliminary charges of violations of the Espionage Act at the McGuire Air Force Base stockade at Wrightstown, N.J.—Pentagon officials cannot be sure of his motive. They speculate that he got involved for money, making contact with a Soviet consul during his tour at Travis and offering to sell what he knew. His wife and children apparently had no inkling of his off-duty activities. While he was meeting the Soviet agent in Queens, they were resting in a motel after a long day's sightseeing in Manhattan.

The Kennedy Jinx

At 20, Joseph Patrick Kennedy III has already encountered a remarkable string of misfortunes. The adventurous oldest son of the late Robert F. Kennedy has been attacked by a roan antelope in Africa and knocked down by a bull calf in Spain; he has broken his leg while playing football and again while skiing; he has been skyjacked by Arab terrorists on an airliner to Southern Yemen. Last week young Joe had his worst mishap to date while visiting some friends on Nantucket (sister island to Martha's Vineyard, site of Uncle Ted's disastrous automobile accident in 1969, which ended in the drowning of Mary Jo Kopechne). As Joe drove his open Jeep along winding Polpis Road through the island's sparsely populated interior one afternoon, the vehicle skidded out of control on a curve and flipped over, throwing all of its seven passengers into the scrub alongside the road.

Four of them, including Joe, suffered only minor injuries. But Brother David, 18, severely sprained his back, and Mary Schlaff, 22, of Grosse Pointe, Mich., fractured her pelvis. Worst of all, Pamela Kelly, 18, the daughter of a bartender in Centerville on Cape Cod, broke her leg and her back and was paralyzed from the waist down.

The police reported finding no evidence that alcohol or drugs were involved. They cited Kennedy for negligent driving and ordered him to appear at a court hearing this week. For Pamela Kelly, however, the agony was just



KENNEDY & NURSE AFTER ACCIDENT

beginning. The Coast Guard flew her to Cape Cod Hospital in Hyannis, where three specialists summoned by the Kennedy family tried for three hours to repair the damage. By the end of the week she began to have some feeling in one of her legs, an encouraging sign. But doctors said it would be several weeks before they would know whether she could ever walk again.

JOE KENNEDY, MOTHER ETHEL & UNCLE TED LEAVING CAPE COD HOSPITAL



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**Colgate
with MFP..the
breath-freshening
cavity fighter.**

AMERICAN SCENE

The Marines Battle for Argos

Armed with sophisticated Communist weaponry, the Yermonian army last week swept across the frontier of its southern neighbor, the peace-loving desert nation of Argos. While the Argosian army reeled back toward its coastal capital, Port of Palms, a U.S. Marine amphibious unit began steaming through the Sea of Bristol...

Every year, some fantasist in the Marine Corps dreams up a scenario like this for the start of training maneuvers at Twentynine Palms, the 932-square-mile Marine base in the Mojave Desert. This year things are a little different. The war in Viet Nam is over, and the Marines must think about where they might be called next—and would they be ready for battle in the Middle East? The Marines are also having trou-

bles to simulate a mortar and grenade attack.

"Hit the dirt, men!" one officer yelled—to the relief of Pfc. Willie Wilkins from Akron, who proceeded to lie face down in the sand. "These people can be gung-ho," he muttered, "but I'm just going to play the game. I can give you my opinion of this entire operation in two words: F---it."

Some 2,000 yards to the east, a crew of "lifters" from Camp Lejeune, N.C., looked disgustedly at the spectacle through binoculars. According to the scenario, they represented a destroyer supplying supportive 175-mm. gunfire. "Most of us look forward to this," grinned Pfc. Leffie Powell, 20. "We're having a war against the lizards and snakes. But the reservists think of their two weeks as forced servitude."

The reservists have been tested before, but this time they were supposed to be integrated with veterans of Viet Nam combat. The process of integration is not easy. At Landing Zone Buzzard, when Company M arrived from Columbus, Ohio, the most energetic activity was the application of Copper-tone. "It's hard to get decent Marines," complained Corporal Gary Gambill, 26, an exporter for Ashland Chemical. "Thirteen quit the company last month, and only five joined—and three of those have started paper work to get their discharges. I guess all of us here are just waiting to go home."

The story was much the same at LZ Eagle, where Buffalo's protectors of peace were digging in. "People coming in now are of pretty low mentality," said Corporal John Fisher, 25, a veteran of almost five years in the reserves. "A couple of guys in this unit can hardly even read. They must have been given the answers to the test so the recruiters in Buffalo could meet their quota."

While enlisted men in the field sought shade from the sun, an assortment of officers ran the war from an air-conditioned control center at Camp Wilson. Actually, the entire war, all its battles and the eventual outcome, had been programmed in advance by computer. But as each situation report came in from field umpires using an experimental "digital message entry system," maps were redrawn, arrows lengthened and air strikes scheduled.

"An aggressor battalion has pushed a company to within three miles of Camp Wilson," said Colonel A.J. Bros-

co, 43, a criminal lawyer from Providence, R.I. "Give me the file marked confidential," he said to a captain. "Aerial photos taken this morning indicate a SAM location and a rudimentary airfield." "Excuse me, sir," warned a crewcut major, "we just got a report that something is moving on the left flank. It could be pretty sticky."

Across the room, Lieut. Colonel Richard Dennis was screaming into the telephone. "Goddam!" he fumed as he chewed on a cigar. "This is war! What's the matter?" The "matter" concerned an absent telegrapher in Yuma who had casually "gone to chow," thus preventing Dennis from launching any air strikes. "Doesn't anybody over there take this thing seriously?" he shouted into the field telephone.

Only one man in the camp remained totally calm, and that was Captain Duncan Christie-Miller of Britain's Royal Marines. The English contribution to a two-year, one-for-one exchange program, Christie-Miller spent D-day writing an article on European skiing. "I try to keep out of sight," he said. "Usually, when the press comes about, I take off my beret and insignia. Don't want to let anyone think you chaps are training British soldiers."

On the second day of the invasion, the reserves were reinforced by 4,000 regulars, many of them from Camp Lejeune's 6th Marines. The war had been made slightly more interesting by the first appearance of 800 "aggressors"—60 of whom had succeeded in capturing two-thirds of Company M. But, like a desert phoenix, Company M had risen with the sun and was ready to move north toward Yermo. "Come on, men," urged Staff Sergeant Greg Anderson, 31, as he climbed aboard his tank. "We're out here to get practice so we can grab the oil."

Nothing Political. Officially, no parallels are drawn between Operation Alkali Canyon and the Middle East. Although most troops were lectured on Middle Eastern desert politics and survival—and the "aggressors" were clothed in khaki shirts and red collar insignia similar to those worn by the Libyan army, no one is supposed to talk about Arabs. "They told us not to say anything political," whispered Buffalo's Corporal Fisher. "We can't even use Israel as a hypothetical example." But, said Colonel Jerry O'Leary, "the Pentagon has a computer plan for the invasion of every civilized country in the world. The Middle East is the obvious powder keg, and we'd be fools if we didn't prepare."

By the end of the five-day war, the Marines had rid Argos of its 800 invaders through a series of helicopter combat assaults, tank sweeps and infantry patrols. Some 700,000 gallons of gasoline had been consumed, but Yermo had been contained and peace returned once more to the placid peninsula jutting between the Sea of Bristol and the Straits of Sardi.



MARINES ON MANEUVERS IN THE MOJAVE DESERT
"Doesn't anybody take this thing seriously?"

ble meeting their recruitment quotas, so they need to know how their reservists might function in combat. Nine thousand Marines took part last week in the largest maneuver ever, and the temperatures rose as high as 120°. From the simulated combat zone, TIME's David DeVoss reported:

By 6 a.m. on D-day, the sky over the tent city of Camp Wilson, a simulated carrier just off the coast of Argos, was full of Huey Cobra gunships, troop-carrying Chinooks and A-6 Intruders making thrusts at the invisible "aggressor" force. The first wave of the attack consisted of reservists from New England, Ohio and New York—most of whom viewed the task mainly as an extra day in the sun. Bedraggled and bleary-eyed, they ambled off belching LVTs to the consternation of whitebanded "umpires" who frantically waved yellow



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INFLATION

The Gut Issue: Prices Running Amuck

"This Administration was elected to control inflation..."
—Richard Nixon

Those words, in the President's TV speech last week, were part of an appeal to the nation to turn its attention from Watergate to other pressing problems. If anyone needed reminding that an all-pervasive mess in the economy is the most urgent trouble, it probably was the President himself. To millions of Americans, that mess is the issue, burrowing beneath politics to the gut-level question of what a family can afford to buy for its next meal.

No Confidence. In a Louis Harris poll released shortly before the President spoke last week, 73% of those questioned rated his handling of the economy as inept. They had reason. By all available measures, Nixon has thoroughly botched the job he said he was elected to do: rampant inflation is driving food prices up at the fastest pace in a generation. The cost and scarcity of red meat dominate household conversation, but they are far from the only economic woe. Phase IV opened last week with a burst of price-increase announcements on many other items—steel, tires, cars. Interest rates are soaring for both giant corporations and individuals, and many would-be house

buyers simply cannot get mortgage loans. Among economists, there is a growing fear that the mess will end in a 1974 recession. In fact, Democratic Representative Wright Patman, chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, charged last week that "we are in a recession right now" and "the big banks and the Federal Reserve are making a depression."

Populist Patman was overstating. The Commerce Department reported last week that pre-tax earnings for corporations were going up at the record annual rate of \$130 billion during the second quarter of 1973, 37% faster than a year earlier. U.S. production is still climbing and unemployment declining, a condition that can hardly be called recession—yet. All the same, soaring prices and scarcities, above all of food, are producing a series of hardship stories frighteningly reminiscent, in a supposedly affluent society, of tales of the Great Depression:

► In a Milwaukee supermarket, an aged shopper who found that her grocery bill totaled 18¢ more than the cash in her purse asked the check-out clerk to remove a can of cat food from her order. The clerk offered to pay for it because "I wouldn't want your cat to go hungry." The woman replied, with a weak smile: "I'm the cat." Her plight is

shared by many of the elderly who live on fixed incomes. Says Robert Forest, editor of the *Senior Citizens Sentinel*: "Food prices are murdering the aged. The only two places they can cut costs are food and medicine—and the less food they have the more medicine they need."

► Mary Purdis, a welfare mother of four who resides in the sprawling Cabrini-Green housing project in Chicago, complains: "We haven't eaten meat for two months. Buying meat would take my entire budget." Others of the poor are in equally bad shape, and some institutions that once succored them are unable to keep doing so. The Mother Waddles Perpetual Mission in Detroit, where a poor family once could stop in for a nourishing free meal, has exhausted its supplies of canned food, flour and even powdered milk.

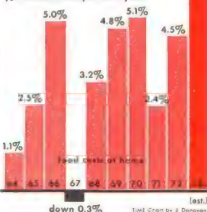
► Across the country, parents are about to discover that the school lunches offered to their children this fall will be skimpier, costlier or both. In a typical response to inflation, the Des Moines school system will more often serve peanut butter and beans as substitutes for expensive meat, and cut the number of items in a meal for young children from four to three; some prices may be raised too. People who get their meals in some other institutions are still less fortunate. The Michigan department of management and budget has announced that prisoners in state penitentiaries will be served only meatless meals at least until mid-September, because no vendors will now sell meat to the prisons at



DUTCHESS COUNTY, N.Y., RANCHER GUARDING HIS HERD AGAINST RUSTLERS

COST OF FOOD

% increase from previous year



THE ECONOMY

a price that the state can afford.

► Inflation and shortages are turning some people to crime. Supermarkets report rising thefts from meat counters: often a shopper will stuff a couple of steaks under his belt and try to walk out the door. The pilferers, says Cook County, Ill., Assistant State's Attorney Mariann Twist, are "for the most part people who are otherwise respectable. They are probably just hungry." Professional thieves increasingly are hijacking meat trucks: a gang last week held up a van near Atlanta, blindfolded the driver and unloaded \$4,000 worth of meat. Violence too has become common. California park rangers recently have stepped up patrols in an attempt to cut down illegal hunting of deer, bear and elk. Two weeks ago, Warden Kenneth Patrick, 40, was found dead, shot twice through the chest. Near the body were darts for a crossbow, a weapon favored by poachers because of its silence and rifle-like impact.

For most Americans such experiences are still only garish stories in newspapers. To the majority, the price and scarcity of meat is an inconvenience rather than a hardship, and some can even laugh about it—though the jokes are strictly from hunger. Examples: In Ellensburg, Wash., Café Owner Sam Webster posted a sign telling his patrons: NEXT WEEK, ALL MEAT DISHES BY SEALED BID ONLY; and in Detroit Tom Violante, manager of a specialty meat market, ran an ad advising customers: DON'T EAT MEAT, MAKE LOVE.

Still, inflation is measurably reducing the standard of living of the ordinary citizen, Administration apologists to the contrary. Former Nixon Aide William Safire, in a New York Times column appropriately titled "Pollyanna Lives," wrote last week that the average family's real income—earnings ad-

justed for price boosts—has more than doubled since 1950. That is correct, but not very relevant to the immediate situation. In June, spendable earnings of the typical worker with three dependents, measured in dollars of 1967 purchasing power, totaled \$96.06, down from \$96.62 a year earlier, after two years of substantial increases. Since the early postwar period, the proportion of the average American's income spent for food has dropped from almost a third to less than a fourth, because earnings have risen faster than food prices, making more income available to buy other goods and services. Although no figures are yet in for 1973, some economists suspect that this generation-old trend is being reversed. The Agriculture Department officially estimates that food prices this year will jump a towering 20%—eight times the increase in 1972. Thus, the typical worker may have to spend a rising share of his income just to keep food on the table.

No Insight. That prospect has wrought a startling change in consumer psychology within a few months. The righteous anger against rising prices that sparked a nationwide meat boycott last spring has given way to a kind of numbed resignation typified by Chicago Housewife Jean Salmon. "I don't understand what's happening," she says. "It seems like when one raises his prices, the other raises his in turn. It's a vicious cycle." When this mood is broken, it turns not to indignation but to panic that prompts waves of scare buying of a type not seen since the Korean War. Last week false rumors of an impending rice shortage caused many Californians to descend on stores and buy all of the grain that they could find, some loaded 50-lb. sacks into their cars.

The pattern is not unusual. In Los Angeles, Mrs. Arline Mathews, one of

the organizers of last spring's meat boycott, urged consumers to protest meat prices by refusing to eat it on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Some signs of unorganized consumer resistance to rising food prices—or perhaps of simple inability to pay them—also began to appear. In Chicago commodities trading, wholesale prices of chicken dropped to 54¢ per lb. from a former 75¢ because sales had fallen off once the price of chicken on meat counters passed \$1 per lb. Futures prices of grains fell on commodity exchanges too, though not until after they had topped the almost unbelievable levels of \$5 per bu. for wheat and \$4 for corn. At those points, both prices had about tripled in a year, with most of the rise coming in just the last few weeks; many speculators apparently figured that they had been bid up to levels unsustainable even during the current inflation, so that it was time to sell out and take profits.

But even if wholesale prices continue to level off or drop a bit further, prices in the supermarkets will keep rising rapidly for weeks and perhaps months to come. Not all of this summer's incredible leap in the prices of wheat and livestock feed has yet shown up in retail prices of bread and meat, but it will. Under Phase IV rules, food retailers now can pass along to consumers higher costs for the raw products; after Sept. 12 they will also be able to pass on other cost increases, such as transportation and wages.

On the same day, price ceilings come off beef. That should end the shortages that have been caused by ranchers holding cattle on feed lots to await higher prices. It may also put a stop to the beef black-marketeering that some retailers say has spread rapidly in recent weeks. But the increased supplies are unlikely to bring down prices. Cattlemen and meat-market managers agree that a combination of higher feed costs and pent-up consumer demand will send retail beef prices soaring at least temporarily.

No Relief. Nor can consumers find any relief from inflation in the nonfood sector of the economy. Last week prices of all sorts of goods and services that had been held down by the 60-day freeze on nonfood prices began going up, as the freeze expired and Phase IV officially began. Big steelmakers asked the Cost of Living Council to approve a 5% hike in prices on sheet, strip and pipe, and General Motors and Ford requested permission to boost auto prices by more than \$100 per car. Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. sought approval for a 5.9% hike on tire prices, while its competitor, B.F. Goodrich, asked for permission to go up 4.4%. Because these companies have sales of more than \$100 million a year, they must give the COLC 30 days' advance notice of any increases. Only gasoline prices remained stable. The freeze on gas and other petroleum products was extended to Sept. 1, when new guidelines—which



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THE ECONOMY

may result in price rollbacks at some service stations—go into effect.

Smaller companies and utilities, however, can now raise prices right away, subject to later rollback by Washington, and last week many did. A T & T, for example, put into effect increases in the cost of intrastate phone calls that had already been approved by regulatory agencies in several states but had been held up by the freeze. Western Union doubled the charge for messenger delivery service to \$3, and the Miami Seaquarium announced that the price of admission will go up from \$2.75 to \$3. Arthur Hertz, senior vice president of Wometco Enterprises, which owns the Seaquarium, blamed the high cost of eating—for fish. Said Hertz: "Our fish eat an awful lot of other fish, and the price of fish is going up."

The cost of loan money, which has been rising at a pace that almost rivals food, climbed further. The Federal Reserve raised its discount rate on loans to member banks by a half-point to 7½%, breaking a 52-year-old record. Mortgage loans now cost house buyers 8½% in Georgia, as much as 9½% in the Los Angeles area. Rates like these, a Detroit mortgage officer admits, are "pricing some people out of the market. We're asking people to wait until 1974."

No Surplus. Shortages appeared or worsened too on a wildly incongruous assortment of nonfood products: newsprint, baling wire, tallow, sawdust, blue jeans, even toilets. Some had specific, temporary causes, such as strikes. But others seemed only to reinforce indications that, in almost all sectors of the

SPENDABLE EARNINGS

1967 dollars



economy, the U.S. has simply got itself into a horrendous inflationary jam.

How did it all happen? The answer lies at least partly in a remarkable series of Administration blunders in economic management that began during the 1972 campaign. In the memorable words of Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz, the Administration then was "spending money like a drunken sailor" in an effort to win the farm vote. It prodded farmers to leave more of their acres unplanted and ended up paying the highest agricultural subsidies in history. The policies worked exactly as intended: Farm income last year zoomed 19%, to a record \$19.2 billion, but farm production dropped 2%.

The timing could not have been worse. In late 1972, just as supplies of food and fiber were getting a bit tight,

the U.S. economy suddenly accelerated into a flat-out boom that vastly increased demand. At just about the same time, it became evident that inflationary booms in other industrial countries and bad weather in agricultural nations were producing a worldwide shortage of foods and other raw materials. That shortage has worsened the U.S. inflation; for example, much of the frantic bidding that drove wheat prices above \$5 per bu. on American commodity exchanges has come from export buyers. The Administration cannot be blamed for those world conditions, but it did not help matters by authorizing the sale of \$1.2 billion worth of U.S. grain to the Russians last year. Some of that food, it turned out, was sorely needed at home to hold prices down.

The Administration compounded

A Glimmer of Good News Abroad

The shakier the U.S. economy looks at home, the stronger it suddenly appears overseas—or so it seemed last week. Domestically, the news was all of upward-spiraling inflation and fears of recession. But internationally, the U.S. began to shake off its image of a pitiful, helpless economic giant.

The Commerce Department reported that the nation in the second quarter actually took in \$463 million more from foreigners than it disbursed overseas, a startling swing from a \$10.5 billion balance of payments deficit in the previous three months. For complex technical reasons, these figures are considered to be less significant than they once were. But the U.S. also ran a surplus of \$706 million on international exchange of goods and services compared with a mere \$1,000,000 the quarter before—a more meaningful improvement. The long-anemic dollar last week rose in price against the German mark, the French franc and other currencies. By week's end it had gained an average 5.4% from recent lows, recouping two months of losses on world money markets. Gold, the traditional investment

refuge of dollar doubters, dipped briefly below \$100 an ounce for the first time in three months.

In part, the improvement constitutes a painful paradox: some of the same factors that are causing economic anguish within the U.S. are easing the aches abroad. The dollar devaluations have caused prices of imports to climb, but they have made U.S. products more competitive in world markets. Worldwide bidding for scarce commodities is shooting up prices, aggravating inflation in the U.S. and elsewhere, but also spurring exports and thus American income from foreign sales. Soaring U.S. interest rates are wounding borrowers inside the country, but also bringing home dollars that formerly fled overseas seeking higher investment yields. This repatriation of American money has partially renewed international money traders' faith in the dollar.

Other causes for brightening international prospects for the U.S. are less painful. The outlook for meaningful reform of the tattered international monetary system improved sharply last month when French Finance Minister

Valéry Giscard d'Estaing offered a plan to penalize nations that run consistent surpluses in their balance of payments and prod them to restore an equilibrium that would benefit deficit countries like the U.S. American officials, who are accustomed to finding themselves at loggerheads with the French in international financial conferences, promptly approved the idea. In an interview with TIME Correspondents Henry Muller and George Taber, Giscard remarked: "For the first time that I can remember, the French, British, German and American finance ministers are calling each other by their first names."

In the long run, strength for the U.S. economy overseas should translate itself into strength at home. Higher prices for the dollar should discourage speculative foreign bidding for American agricultural commodities, thus somewhat restraining the food-price spiral. A stronger dollar would also mean that American consumers would have to put up fewer greenbacks for imports like Japanese cars and French wines, and U.S. manufacturers would have to pay less for high-priced, short-supply items from abroad like Ghanaian cocoa and Australian wool, thereby relieving domestic inflationary pressure.



ELDERLY COUPLE SCROUNGING FOR DISCARDED FOOD OUTSIDE MANHATTAN GROCERY
A remarkable series of blunders that could lead to a bust.

its errors by suddenly lifting the fairly effective mandatory price controls of Phase II in January, and substituting the loose voluntaristic system of Phase III. Then, when inflation got out of hand, Nixon imposed another price freeze in June, again in bumbling fashion. Wholesale and retail prices of food were frozen, but prices of live animals and the grains they eat were allowed to rise unhindered. The aim was laudable—to hold down prices for consumers while encouraging farm production—but the results were disastrous. Uncontrolled prices for livestock feed climbed so high that raising animals to maturity cost more than buyers were offering in wholesale and retail markets. Farmers gassed baby chicks and slaughtered pregnant sows in the early days of the freeze. Cattle men are still holding steers off the market in the belief that they can get higher prices once the price of beef in retail stores can be raised. That sellers' boycott—which now seems to be easing—has produced the odd spectacle of crowded feed lots and empty stockyard pens.

No Ideas. Given this mess, Nixon, his advisers and his Democratic opponents all seem unable or unwilling to suggest fresh ideas for bringing any quick improvement. In fact, Robert Nathan, a member of *TIME*'s Board of Economists and a vehement critic of the Administration, concedes that it is probably "90% too late now" for dramatic, fast-acting moves.

Many economists are urging export controls on wheat and other grains to head off domestic shortages and bring prices down. But Administration officials believe, with some reason, that controls might actually make things worse. They suspect, for example, that some of the 1.2 billion bu. of U.S.

wheat reportedly bought by foreigners this crop year is not yet firmly committed to export. Instead, it is being held by foreign speculators who will sell it wherever they can get the highest price—which could be in the U.S. If export controls were clamped on, international prices would rise above those prevailing in the U.S., and the wheat really would move abroad. A few officials are more sympathetic to the idea of calling a world commodity conference to work out international methods of controlling the speculative buying that has helped to rocket prices upward. That seems a good idea, but the Administration is opposed to outright allocation of scarce foods and raw materials between countries, and international panic buying may be unstoppable without that.

Economist Walter Heller sees some hope that strict enforcement of Phase IV rules will at least hold down price increases. Under those rules, sellers may raise prices only enough to pass on increased costs dollar for dollar; they cannot tack on an additional profit markup. Cost of Living Council Director John T. Dunlop complained to friends last week, however, that he is having difficulty recruiting people to check up on price boosters. Prospective employees apparently believe that the program will be dropped in a few months, leaving them without jobs. Treasury Secretary George Shultz did nothing to discourage such speculation by declaring last week that he will oppose any extension of the Economic Stabilization Act, which gives the Administration authority to control wages and prices, beyond its expiration date next April 30.

In the long run, the greatest hope stems from a belated but commendable reversal of Nixonian farm policy. Early

this year, the Administration began removing restrictions on production of wheat and other feed grains, and now it has taken them all off. Agriculture Secretary Butz has announced that, at least through the end of next year, farmers are free to plant as much of these crops as they please. That will not prevent further painful inflation during the rest of 1973, but it should help slow food-price rises next year.

But farm production could all too easily get into a race with wages. So far, big unions have been remarkably restrained in their pay demands, hewing closely to the Administration's 6.2% guideline for salary and benefit boosts. That could change in a hurry, though if the cost of living continues to take great leaps forward and rank-and-file members pressure their leaders to up the ante at the bargaining table. The only two major unions still facing negotiations this year are the United Auto Workers—who will decide this week which of the Big Four car makers to single out as "target company"—and the airline mechanics, who seven years ago burst through wage-price guidelines set by the Johnson regime. Next year things will be even hotter as the Steelworkers and the nation's nine largest steelmakers attempt to reach agreement by Feb. 1. If larger food supplies have not begun to hold down prices by then, the union might well push for a hefty increase—the effect of which would spread through all the other industries that use steel to make their products.

National Tragedy. The most frightening prospect is that the inflationary spiral has become too strong to be broken except by a recession. Such a slump could occur if the Federal Reserve squeezes credit too hard in trying to slow the economy, a danger of which Chairman Arthur Burns is quite conscious. Or it could happen if prices finally fly out of sight and consumers simply stop buying. Alan Greenspan, a member of *TIME*'s Board of Economists who has close ties to Nixon, now predicts a "mild recession" in 1974 and considers it preferable to the alternatives still faster inflation and/or a real bust later on. Few other economists will go that far, but their confidence that recession will be avoided is dwindling. Heller, for example, now rates the odds only slightly better than fifty-fifty that the U.S. will avoid a slide into a recession.

A recession obviously would be a national tragedy. It would throw out of work people who only recently have begun to find jobs even in a boom economy—and at a time of sky-high prices. But continued inflation at this year's pace would be almost as bad, as the troubles that the old and the poor now have in buying nourishing food starkly illustrate. In any event, as consumers wait for price increases to slow, struggle to stretch their food budgets and fear for their jobs, the economic story of the next several months is certain to be a tale of cliffhanging suspense.

INDOCHINA

The Fighting Finally Stops for the U.S.

Its fighters and bombers grounded, its guns silenced, and its soldiers withdrawn from battlefields, America last week ceased waging war in Indochina for the first time in nearly a decade. At midnight on Tuesday (Washington, D.C., time) all U.S. combat activity ended. It was one of the great anticlimaxes in the nation's history. There were no speeches, no celebrations, not even among the professional pilots (see following page) who had been finally the only ones left to carry on the war. From a high of more than 600,000 U.S. combatants, only 62,000 had remained to wage war in Indochina, and all of them were stationed in Thailand and on

Guam or on aircraft carriers offshore.

Up to the final moment, U.S. warplanes pummeled the area around Phnom-Penh, the Cambodian capital. It was the last day of more than six months of frantic U.S. air support of the Lon Nol regime, during which the U.S. flew 32,000 sorties (including 8,000 by B-52s) and dumped more than 245,000 tons of bombs on Cambodia. This deluge totaled 50% more than all the conventional bombs the U.S. rained upon Japan in World War II. Most of it, of course, was aimed at guerrillas hiding in heavy jungle. As a result, the bombing obviously did not inflict the kind of destruction caused by raids over pop-

ulation centers. Nor did it cause the Khmer insurgents to surrender. Only in the few days immediately prior to the bombing halt did the insurgents fall back—about ten miles from Phnom-Penh—and then it was probably to regroup. Insurgents now control 80% of Cambodia and many of the roads leading to its capital.

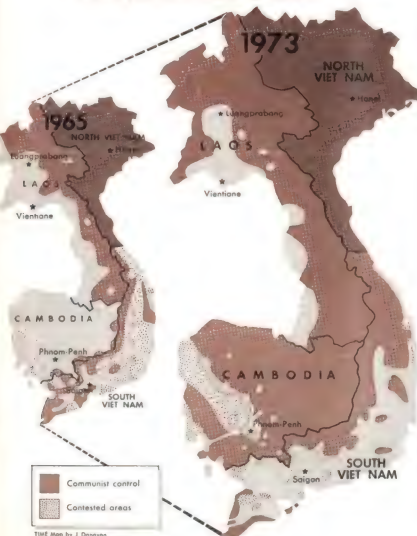
Without U.S. air support, President Lon Nol is vulnerable. His army of 180,000 is undertrained and undermanned. Lon Nol's fledgling air force of 30 World War II-vintage, T-28 propeller-driven fighters will hardly be a substitute for U.S. airpower. Some of the regime's top generals have already established secret contacts with insurgent officers. With the exception of a few Americans, diplomats in the capital are betting that the Lon Nol regime cannot survive until the end of the year. When the insurgents get ready to attack, Phnom-Penh will fall, they predict.

Scant Result. If that happens, Cambodia will have little to show for the hardships it suffered after the U.S. extended the war into the once placid Cambodian countryside in May 1970. Only Saigon benefited from the fighting in Cambodia, which diverted North Vietnamese troops and thus gave South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu a chance to consolidate his military and political position. Instead of keeping Cambodia non-Communist, the American incursion helped catalyze the minuscule pro-Communist Khmer Rouge guerrillas into a movement of national scope. It pushed Prince Norodom Sihanouk, a dedicated neutralist who was overthrown as Cambodia's ruler in spring 1970, reluctantly into the hands of Hanoi and Peking.

Hanoi has already managed to secure its lines of supply through Laos under a peace plan expected to be signed this month. The plan ratifies Communist Pathet Lao control over 80% of Laos' land. The Pathet Lao also will have a nearly 50% share in its new government, which certainly will do nothing to interfere with North Viet Nam's use of the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Yet it was the goal of interdicting the trail and eliminating base camps that originally lured the U.S. into intervening in both Laos and Cambodia.

A comparison of a map from 1965, when the Marines (the first U.S. units sent to Viet Nam for combat) landed at Da Nang, with a map of Indochina today reveals the Communist advances. Despite the eight years of fighting, the Communists now control more land. They have more troops in South Viet Nam, where the Paris agreement gives

COMMUNIST GAINS



TIME Map by J. Davidson

The Staggering Cost of the War in Indochina

Americans killed in South Viet Nam	53,813	Laotians and Cambodians killed	Unavailable
In Laos	294	Communists killed (Pentagon)	932,793
In Cambodia	531	Cost to U.S. (Pentagon)	\$108 billion
In North Viet Nam	498	Bombs on South Viet Nam	3,100,000 tons
Seriously wounded in all Indochina	153,302	On Laos	2,080,000 tons
Lightly wounded	150,388	On North Viet Nam	841,600 tons
Missing	1,249	On Cambodia	545,000 tons
South Vietnamese killed	196,863	Planes and helicopters lost in Indochina	8,579

140,000 North Vietnamese troops the right to remain.

Because so much of the Communists' area of control in the South is sparsely populated, they have begun encouraging thousands of North Vietnamese civilians, many of them former Southerners, to come South to settle. This will create a population loyal to Hanoi and secure the area as a base for future military attacks against Saigon's forces. The settlers will also be an important addition to the already existing Communist political structure in the South, should the struggle between Saigon and Hanoi shift to a purely political arena, as envisioned by the Paris accord.

A map, however, cannot accurately reflect many of South Viet Nam's ad-

vantages, such as its experienced officers, large air force, and extensive transportation network—all legacies of U.S. involvement. Also left behind by the U.S. is an economic infrastructure especially valuable to a developing nation: roads, airfields, ports, technicians trained in modern skills, power lines, and a radio and television network binding the country together.

Thieu's land-reform program has already given much of the peasantry reason to back him. He has done little to reform Saigon's corrupt bureaucracy and has openly disregarded democratic processes, but he nonetheless might be a match for his Communist adversaries. This was hardly the case eight years ago. Then Saigon's government was in a

shambles, and new political leaders arrived and disappeared with revolving-door regularity. The Communists were defeating one South Vietnamese battalion and capturing one district headquarters per week. In this sense, therefore, the U.S. has perhaps succeeded in making South Viet Nam stable and strong enough to have a deciding voice in shaping its own future.

The other voice, of course, belongs to Hanoi. As usual, it has kept its intentions to itself. Yet the moderate tempo with which it is infiltrating arms and men into South Viet Nam, and the content of its recent directives to its cadres, indicates that it has no plans for a major military offensive soon. Instead, according to veteran Hanoi watchers, the handful of aging Communists who rule North Viet Nam intend to use the next three or four years to secure their strongholds in the South.

One U.S. analyst observes: "The North Vietnamese haven't given up any of their goals. It's just that they've given themselves a period of years without military struggle. From now on it's mostly political." Hanoi wants to strengthen its cadre network in the South and to rebuild the bomb-shattered economy in the North. Nonetheless, it gives every indication that it is

"See You in the Next War, Buddy"

For those who cared, which did not seem to be many, the epitaph to the U.S. bombing of Cambodia was audible over ordinary radios in Phnom-Penh. As the last curl of smoke disappeared and the final whine of the aircraft faded, a U.S. command plane could be heard talking with its spotter planes and jet fighter-bombers on a regular VHF frequency. "It's really been good working with you," a voice crackled. "Yeah," went

the reply. "See you in the next war." Then came the muffled sound of a harmonica playing Turkey in the Straw, followed by silence as the planes headed back to their bases. The last two in action landed at Korat, one of seven U.S. bases in Thailand, where TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott was waiting on the tarmac. His report:

Two tiny specks trailing wispy black contrails streaked across the brilliant azure sky. "You guys are the last guys of the war!" exclaimed an excited voice from the squawk box in a truck parked at the edge of the runway. Within 30 seconds, the two A-7D Corsair fighter-bombers were touching down at this airbase set on a bucolic plateau of waving green grass some 140 miles northeast of Bangkok and 290 miles from Phnom-Penh. Skipping onto the concrete strip amid puffs of blue smoke, the planes taxied over to ground personnel for a routine "disarming" check. Then they roared to a halt at their stations on the flightline. Precisely 16 minutes before the deadline, the two A-7s of flight mission "Slam" had, in cold service jargon, expended the last American ordnance in Cambodia.

Major John Hoskins, 37, of Portsmouth, Ohio, triggered the last bomb, a 500-pounder, over Khmer insurgent bunkers 25 miles northeast of Phnom-Penh. Flying alongside him was Captain Lonnie Ratley III, 29, of Plant City, Fla., who moments later fired the last

U.S. shots during a 20-mm-cannon strafing run on what he described as "trees and trails running into trees." As reporters gathered round the two pilots, a ground technician broke in to note that Ratley had expended all but 20 of the 1,500 rounds of ammunition he had carried. Did Ratley see any people in his target area? "No, sir, not directly," he replied.

Both men displayed little emotion about their footnote in history. Shrugged Hoskins, who has flown 240 combat forays in Southeast Asia: "It was just another mission to me." Standing under an emblem ("Valor in Combat") emblazoned on the fuselage of his aircraft, Ratley agreed: "It was kind of uneventful, just like a regular sortie, like the 100 or so I've flown over here." Then Ratley added: "I guess I should be a little more excited, but I don't feel very enthusiastic. We've been involved so long, it almost seems like an institution."

The mood of the entire 5,000-man force at Korat was surprisingly calm and matter of fact. On the flightline, the only hint of festivity came when the ground crew presented the two pilots with brass loops from their bomb racks as souvenirs. Known as "golden rings," the loops were part of the device that armed the last of their "general purpose" bombs.

For the immediate future, the flyers will remain in Thailand. To pass their time, said a senior officer, they may begin practice bombings and strafings, possibly in Thailand.

PILOTS HOSKINS (LEFT) & RATLEY



prepared to start fighting again if it fails to win the South politically. In contrast to eight years ago, when the Viet Cong were poorly armed and waging primarily a guerrilla war, the Communists are now armed with heavy weapons. Intelligence sources estimate they have 400 tanks within or near the borders of the South, as well as many artillery pieces, including the 17-mile-range 130-mm. cannon.

Thieu will use the political period for his own benefit, to strengthen his regime and keep the South independent of the North. That independence has already brought a measure of stability to Southeast Asia. Singapore's tough Prime Minister, Lee Kuan Yew, acknowledged this last spring, remarking: "The American intervention in Viet Nam has broken the hypnotic spell on the other Southeast Asians that Communism is irresistible, that it is the wave of history. Communist victory was demonstrated not to be inevitable." With the bombing ended, Lee acknowledged early this month that he was now "in a more uncomfortable position." To reassure him and other Southeast Asians the U.S. plans to keep some of its bombers and fighters on bases in Thailand and on Guam. This is close enough for a quick reaction, should Congress ever authorize the President to respond if the Communists some day launch another major military offensive.

MIDDLE EAST

Renegade Terrorism

The Arab world was delighted last week when the U.N. Security Council condemned Israel for the skyjacking of a chartered Iraqi airliner. But mixed with that pleasure was a fear that somehow Palestinian commandos would let Israel off the hook by staging another bloody spectacular, just as they did after Israeli jets shot down a Libyan airliner last March at a cost of 108 lives. Only nine days later, Palestinian terrorists broke into the Saudi Arabian embassy in Khartoum and killed three diplomats (two Americans, one Belgian), thus turning world indignation away from Israel. Summing up the Arab fears this time was Beirut's highly respected *an-Nahar*, which urged "Palestinian brothers" to avoid "any operation for the time being, so that the world could not deliberately forget the piracy committed by Israel over Beirut."

But the spotlight shifted—at least for a moment. Another skyjacking occurred within one day after the U.N. censure, although this one combined high comedy with tragic potential. A modified 707 belonging to Lebanon's Middle East Airlines was 87 minutes out of Benghazi on its way to Beirut when a thin, popeyed, bushy-haired man in a green striped suit whipped a brace of pistols out of his belt, charged into the pilot's cabin and told Captain



ACCUSED SKYJACKER AL-TOUMI WITH ISRAELI POLICE ESCORT
"No point in listening to him. He's crazy."

Adel Kawas: "I want to go to Israel. Now! If you fool around, I will kill you."

Captain Kawas radioed Tel Aviv's Lod International Airport, only to be told that it was forbidden for him to overfly Israel. "But I have been hijacked, and the hijacker insists on landing in Israel. I am going to land whether you like it or not." After a 20-minute pause, Lod gave Kawas landing instructions. Moments afterward the plane touched down and Israeli troops seized the hijacker, later identified as Mohammed Mahmoud Al-Toumi, 37, a merchant with a Libyan passport, no ostensible links to any terrorist unit, and an obvious overdose of alcohol. Said a stewardess: "He had four Scotches before the hijacking, and he took frequent swigs before we landed."

Why had he hijacked the plane? "I wanted to show the Israelis that not all Arabs are enemies of Israel and the Jews and want to throw them into the ocean." A humanitarian intent, to be sure, but the Israelis who arrested him were pragmatic. "No point in listening to him," said one officer. "He's simply crazy."

Despite the diversion caused by the skyjacking, Israelis still smarted over the U.N. censure. Said Prime Minister Golda Meir: "We have nothing to be ashamed of. Let those who censure us be ashamed—I am sure in their hearts they know we are right."

Some dissenting voices were raised, notably those of the Israel Airline Pilots Association and Histadrut (Labor Union) Secretary-General Yitzhak Ben-Aharon. The liberal morning newspaper *Ha'aretz* warned that "in the wake of this operation, Israel loses the image of a country which respects the freedom of international civil operation." All but obscured in the debate was the stark fact that in choosing to skyjack the Iraqi Airways flight in hopes of bagging Dr. George Habash, a high-ranking leader of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, Israel in effect had decided that ends justify means. There is a growing urge in Jerusalem to knock out the terrorists once and for all.

But who are those terrorists? There is mounting evidence that the fedayeen

movement may well be fraying. This hypothesis is bolstered by the disavowal and condemnation by all political shades of Palestinians of this summer's two major terrorist acts: the Athens Airport butchery (four dead, 54 injured) and the skyjacking of the Japan Air Lines 747 (which eventually was blown up at a Libyan airfield). Though for a time these disavowals were seen as a ploy by the fedayeen groups to escape bad publicity, there are indications now that the terrorists are so disorganized that the deeds might have been committed by fanatics acting on their own.

After a series of interviews with Arab and Western sources, TIME Correspondent Spencer Davidson reports a general hunch that the commando movement has entered a new phase: bloody acts by renegades not controlled by established organizations. Previously, Al-Fatah and the P.F.L.P. had run operations methodically, and Black September's attacks had a modicum of control. But Israel's increasingly successful ability to close its borders to infiltrators, and its policy of retaliatory raids into guerrilla sanctuaries in Lebanon, has forced a reduction in terrorist "spectaculars." This, one Arab source argues, has upset the more radical elements among the terrorists and caused them to hit out on their own.

ARMAMENTS

Soviet Breakthrough

When President Nixon and Soviet Boss Leonid Brezhnev met in Moscow last year, none of the agreements they signed were hailed more than those limiting strategic nuclear weapons. In 2½ years of painstaking negotiations, both the U.S. and the Soviet Union had made concessions. Last week, it seemed, the U.S. may have given more than it got. Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger announced that the Russians had scored a major breakthrough in weapons technology by successfully testing "in recent weeks" missiles with multiple warheads that could be aimed at separate targets. The Soviet advance has clearly put in

THE WORLD

jeopardy the agreements signed by Nixon as a result of the first stage of the Strategic Arms Limitations Talks (SALT I). Under those agreements, both the U.S. and Russia pledged to limit missile launchers. But the Russians were allowed a bigger cutoff number (2,358 to the U.S.'s 1,710), because only the U.S. possessed multiple independently targetable re-entry vehicles (MIRVs), some of which are loaded with 14 warheads. In short, the U.S. agreed to give the Soviets an advantage in quantity because it had an edge in quality.

It has long been common knowledge that Russia was eager—and capable—of catching up to the U.S. in the sophisticated field of MIRVs. Indeed, some critics of SALT I argued that the agreements should include controls of such weapons. The U.S. made a stab at discussing them then, but the Russians were unresponsive. The issue became pre-eminent in the current round of SALT II, which got under way last November. But, Schlesinger conceded, the prospects for agreement to control MIRVs have now "deteriorated sadly."

Although the Soviets have successfully tested their own MIRVs, it will still take time, as well as huge sums of money, to manufacture them in significant numbers. Schlesinger estimates that the Russians will not be able to match the U.S. inventory before the mid-1980s. But while the Soviets are catching up in quality of warheads, the U.S. is prevented by the SALT I agreements from making any offsetting gains. Unless, that is, the U.S. can in some way adjust the effect of the SALT I interim agreement, which runs for another four years.

Schlesinger indicated that the U.S. would try to renegotiate. "The initial basis of SALT I must be reassessed," he said. "We must have balanced quality. As they [the Russians] close the qualitative gap, the quantitative advantage must be reduced." Some peppery exchanges seem to be ahead for SALT II.

EAST-WEST

Freedom for Sale

The three-story white villa in Zurich's discreet residential district of Hönegg is surrounded by electronic devices to detect intruders. As visitors walk from the iron gate to the front door through terraced gardens, they may notice that the burly man watering the petunias has a revolver stuck in his jeans. They may also see a cheetah and hear the growls, if not feel the breath, of two lion-sized Great Danes. In short, the house on Ackersteinstrasse seems as forbidding as the Berlin Wall. It is in fact the headquarters of an organization that specializes in breaching the Wall and other Communist barriers to help refugees escape to the West.

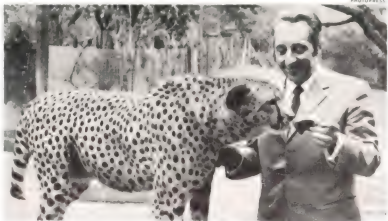
The villa is also the home of the organization's leader, a hefty adventurer whose Swiss passport bears the name

of Hans Lenzlinger, but who is more widely known as "the People-Smuggler of Zurich." Now 44, Lenzlinger used to be a big-game hunter in Africa and a trader in animal skins. Then he opened a massage parlor in Zurich in the late '60s. After the parlor ran afoul of the vice squad, he switched to the business of selling freedom. In two years, he claims, he has helped 152 East Germans, Hungarians, Czechs and Bulgarians flee to freedom. His standard fee: \$10,000 a head (though he offers reduced rates for group escapes).

Lenzlinger calls his outfit Aramco, not after the U.S.-Arabian oil company, he says, but because he likes the sound of the name. He has no monopoly on the trade. Some 20 similar organizations operate within West Germany. Like Aramco, many have advertised in news-

ment, such as vehicles fitted out with secret compartments ("Only crude amateurs use the trunks"), fake uniforms and, for one highly imaginative venture, an electric minisubmarine of the type used occasionally by cigarette smugglers on the border lakes between Switzerland and Italy. Inside his villa office, which is adorned with zebra skins, African spears, various weapons and the hat of an East German policeman (Vopo) given him by a grateful client, Lenzlinger proudly produced for Kroon purported dossiers on some of his escape exploits.

Last year, according to the papers, Lenzlinger bought a Cadillac, fitted it out with false diplomatic plates, hired a "dignified old lady in her 70s" to be a passenger and put one of his men behind the wheel in a chauffeur's uniform. The



PEOPLE-SMUGGLER LENZLINGER WITH CHEETAH OUTSIDE HIS ZURICH VILLA
Tools of the trade include a minibus and a dachshund in heat.

papers, under the heading of "Family Reunification" or, more bluntly, *Fluchthelfer* (Escape Helper). Lately they have become a center of controversy. East German authorities have pressured the West German government to crack down on the impresarios of escape. They claim that *Fluchthelfer* activities violate the spirit of détente and abuse the terms under which East Germany agreed to relax inspections on some major transit routes between the two Germans. As a result, West German authorities are now threatening to prosecute the escape merchants.

Lenzlinger views the uproar with entrepreneurial opportunism. If Bonn is making things difficult for West German escape organizations, he told TIME's Robert Kroon, then "someone will have to do the job." Clearly, in Lenzlinger's eyes, no one is better suited than himself. First, he insists, Aramco does not gouge its clients (though many are doctors and other professionals who can expect to make large salaries in the West). "I have not increased my prices, in spite of inflation," he insists. "My profit margin is only 25%. The overhead is tremendous."

Not all the overhead is for staff. There is also the cost of special equip-

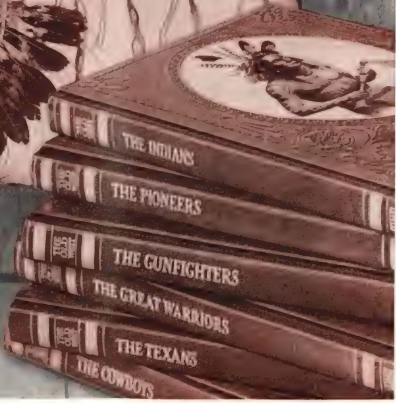
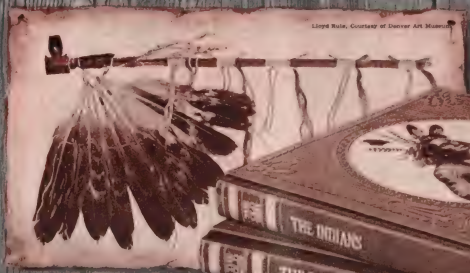
Cadillac was driven to East Germany, where two refugees climbed into a special compartment. When the Cadillac recrossed the border, Lenzlinger said, "the Vopos saluted our 'diplomat's wife' respectfully and waved her on."

The minibus caper remains his favorite. According to Lenzlinger, he rented a vacation retreat at Rust, on the Neusiedlersee's Austrian bank, and hid the sub in a boathouse. Under cover of twilight, the sub picked up, one by one, eight refugees assembled near Sopron, Hungary. "The only problem was Hungarian dog patrols," Lenzlinger recounted. "But the police dogs, all running loose, were male German shepherds. So on one trip we released a dachshund bitch in heat. The police dogs vanished and we took in the refugees. We even retrieved the poor dachshund with a supersonic whistle."

Lenzlinger makes freedom smuggling sound like more fun than massage parlors. But there are obvious dangers. One of his associates recently was caught inside Czechoslovakia and sentenced to three years in prison. Since then, Lenzlinger has stopped going to Communist countries. Now he relies on agents. Still, he says, "I have more business than I can handle."



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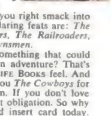
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FRANCE

L'Affaire Lip

The commander of the special task force of the Gendarmerie Nationale looked at his watch (probably made by the famous old French firm of Lip S.A.), then gave the order to move. In the pre-dawn, 30 busloads of police surrounded the Lip factory at Besançon, 25 miles from the Swiss border. They quickly overwhelmed the 50 worker guards and shoed them out. Law and order and the sacred rights of private property had been restored. Thus ended the first act of a drama that had enthralled Frenchmen for months and raised political passions on both right and left. The question was: What acts were to follow?

The Lip enterprise, one of France's proudest, made fine quality watches that commanded 20% or more of the national market until 1969. Then, with competition from cheaper American and Japanese watches, Lip's share of sales fell to 5%. Meanwhile, Fred Lip sold his controlling interest to a Swiss conglomerate. By last April, Lip was headed for bankruptcy. Amid rumors of a shutdown that would lay off 1,300 employees, the workers decided to teach the owners a lesson in management. On June 12 they seized the factory. A week later they began turning out watches from materials already stockpiled. Partly because they were offered at wholesale prices, 40% below retail, the watches enjoyed bargain-basement popularity, and became a fashionable symbol of leftist protest.

Lime-light. To the government and the financial establishment the Lip commune was a threat: the workers were challenging basic laws of a capitalist society. Gleelessly, the political left whipped up L'Affaire Lip into a cause célèbre.

Jean Charbonnel, Minister of Industrial and Scientific Development, worked out a compromise by which the watch-making plant would get \$7,250,000 in new capital, half from its parent company and half in government funds. This meant laying off only 400 workers. But the workers, enjoying the lime-light as well as widespread public support, summarily rejected the plan. They even stepped up their rebellion by making the first wage payments from the proceeds of their sales. Then they refused to accept service of a court order requiring them to shut down the plant.

The government decided to use the police. Its timing was perfect. At least half of France was away on its relentless August holiday. Even so, 5,000 people demonstrated outside the Lip plant after the raid, and 20 were injured. Socialist Leader François Mitterrand and others were determined to make political capital out of L'Affaire Lip, even if they had to await la rentrée, Frenchmen's mass return from vacation. On any brand of watch, it was a tense time in France.



IDEAL TRUCKS PARKED IN A MUDDY FIELD SOUTHWEST OF SANTIAGO

CHILE

Truckers in Revolt

"We are on the verge of a civil war and we must prevent..." Salvador Allende Gossens managed to warn his audience on nationwide television last week before the lights flickered twice and the screen went dead. Subotours had blown up the tower supporting a main electric circuit in Santiago, leaving the Chilean President without a live camera and 60% of the population in the dark. An hour later, thanks to some fast splicing, Allende was back on the air, his voice strained, blaming right-wing elements for this latest terrorist act.

Allende's problems are considerably more serious than a blackout. For the past three weeks 40,000 truck owners across the country have been on strike, ostensibly in protest against the Marxist government's inability to provide them with spare parts. The revolt has paralyzed the nation's transportation system, causing severe shortages of fuel, food and other essential goods. Movement in three southern provinces has all but ceased, public transportation in the capital has been cut in half, and taxi owners have staged a sympathy strike for the truckers.

Last week TIME Correspondent Rudolph Rauch visited one group of truckers near Santiago. His report:

The men clustered around the transistor radio are almost all outside and beefy, wearing pea jackets and hard hats. One of them sports a silk foulard tucked into the front of his V-necked cardigan. A white Mercedes is parked near by, surrounded by less regal vehicles—Peugeots, Fiats, a few pickups.

All around are rows of trucks: huge trailers, big vans and ancient wooden five-tons and, most important, about 60 big tankers used for taking fuel to the capital. All have been disabled by their owners, who have removed the wheels and hidden the carburetors or the dis-

tributors. The men are listening to a news report describing how their wives are being tear-gassed and hosed down by water cannons in front of the presidential palace, where they had gone to demonstrate for their husbands' cause.

The truckers could be Chile's Archie Bunkers, characterized by having a low level of tolerance for people who try to tell them what to do with their money. Some of them, however, are civil engineers forced into trucking because of the lack of jobs. Others, like Manuel Alvarez, have been journalists abroad who returned because they were homesick. "This is a battle for the future," says Alvarez, the owner of an old truck so lacking in engine parts that it had to be towed into the field. "I am fighting so my children won't have to be Marxist. Marxism annuls personality and takes away initiative."

Military Puzzle. Officially the truckers have been on strike to protest the lack of spare parts; in reality, they hope to bring down the government, which, they claim, wants to put them out of business. When the military joined the government to back Allende, the truckers admit they were baffled. "The generals were bought by the government," one complained.

Despite a series of government ultimatums to return to work, the truckers have refused. Allende had repeatedly warned that if the strike was not called off he would send troops in to confiscate the trucks. But as each deadline arrived and the truckers stood firm, Allende relented, setting a new deadline. Meanwhile other professional workers throughout the country, including doctors, dentists and pilots, have warned that they would support the truckers' strike if the army acts. By week's end, Allende had alerted army troops in all of Chile's 25 provinces to be ready to move against the strikers. The truckers remained defiant. Said one owner of a fleet of three trucks: "If the army comes, we will burn our trucks and run. Then we will start a Maquis."



DAE JUNG KIM AFTER HIS RELEASE

SOUTH KOREA

Bizarre Homecoming

When Dae Jung Kim, a South Korean politician living in Japan, was Shanghaied from a crowded hotel in downtown Tokyo, his friends were convinced that they had seen the last of him. Kim's own hopes were dashed at one point when he overheard his abductors discuss the voracity of sharks as he lay in a ship, his wrists and ankles weighed down for quick immersion. As it turned out, a bruised but very much alive Kim resurfaced near his home in Seoul last week as mysteriously as he had disappeared five days earlier, to tell a tale straight from Ian Fleming's *You Only Live Twice*.

His unwilling homecoming, Kim recounted, began in Tokyo's Hotel Grand Palace when he was grabbed by five men, drugged and whisked to a waiting car. There followed a five-hour, high-speed automobile dash to the southern coast of Japan where Kim was taken to a large cargo ship for the three-day crossing to South Korea. After two more days spent locked up in downtown Seoul, Kim was driven near his home, where his wife and two children lived, and set free.

Kim, 48, and his supporters accused the South Korean Central Intelligence Agency of masterminding the kidnapping. They pointed out that Kim, as leader of the New Democratic Party, polled 46% of the vote for president against Chung Hee Park in 1971. Kim went into exile when martial law was declared in October 1972, and in appearances in Japan and the U.S. has been criticizing Park's strongman rule.

The Japanese tend to agree with Kim's theory about CIA involvement.

Who else, they pointedly observed, has the resources to get a man out of Japan and smuggle him past South Korean coast guards on the lookout for Communist infiltrators from the north?

In the U.S. too acts of harassment and intimidation of South Koreans critical of their government by Korean CIA agents are not uncommon. Last April, for example, the South Korean consul in New York City, who is suspected of being a South Korean CIA operative, followed anti-Park demonstrators and had them photographed. In May, in San Francisco, the South Korean consul in Los Angeles attended a rally for Kim and caused a disturbance. Concern over such activities has prompted the State Department repeatedly to warn the South Korean embassy that its intelligence agents are interfering with the civil rights of Koreans living in the U.S.

If the abduction made little sense, Kim's subsequent release was even more puzzling. He says that he owes his survival to two things: his fervent praying and the furor his kidnapping raised in the Japanese and American press. Kim plans to accept a fellowship at Harvard this fall, but he may not be allowed to leave Seoul again. He is currently confined to his house.

Just how tight Kim's police protection was became apparent when TIME Correspondent S. Chang, a longtime friend, tried to deliver a bouquet of flowers to Mrs. Kim and was told by police he could no longer visit them. An obliging officer, however, delivered the flowers and brought back a note scribbled in English: "I'm sorry to let you know we're confined at home. My heart is filled with sorrow. Please pray for my husband's safety again."

JAPAN

Golf Pollution

In the big cities the lines start forming shortly after 3 a.m. Even the most polite are inclined to forget themselves as they fight for one of Japan's scarcest commodities: space on the golf course. So popular has the game become that it is regularly played by an estimated one-tenth of Japan's 108 million peo-

ple, ranging from the Prime Minister to Zen monks. So many *gorufu* courses are being built that some environmentalists are complaining about a new kind of pollution: golf pollution.

Already the land-poor country's 700 golf courses take up as much space as 1 1/2 Tokyos. Seven hundred more courses are on the planning boards, and nature lovers have nightmares of the whole country eventually being converted into one vast patchwork of putting greens and sand traps. In Chiba prefecture, southeast of Tokyo, there are so many courses that the area is becoming known as "the golfers' Ginza." Chiba officials worry that wells may run dry just keeping grass green on the 22,000 acres of land devoted to golf.

What concerns critics is that there is almost no way to construct a golf course in Japan without violating nature. Most of the flat land in the mountainous nation has long since been given over to cities and needed farms; by necessity, many greens have been put on hillsides, where they result in the destruction of forests, blocked streams and erosion. "There's something definitely abnormal about this, a bit of sheer outlandishness," says Chiba prefecture's governor, Taketo Tomono, an occasional golfer. To discourage the building of more courses, Tomono's government has stipulated that they must meet severe—perhaps impossible—ecological standards. "It will be tough indeed," he boasts, "for a new course to open up in our prefecture." Following Tomono's lead, at least 35 of Japan's 46 other prefectures have come up with anti-golf land laws.

Many think that the environmentalists are overstating the case, and that golf is hardly in the same league as the other pollutions strangling Japan. "Much of what is called golf pollution is something altogether imagined or emotional," says Norio Nomura, an official at the Ministry of Construction in Tokyo. "When the most precious commodity in Japan—land—gets grabbed up fast, the people react sharply and emotionally." Prime Minister Kakuei Tanaka, a devoted golfer, adds: "Golf courses retain greenery. Japan needs more greenery and more golf courses."

JAPANESE GOLFERS WAITING TO TEE OFF ON PUBLIC COURSE





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At The Chef's Table, the menu includes a serenade of your favorite songs.



AMERICAN EXPRESS



INDIA

After the Euphoria

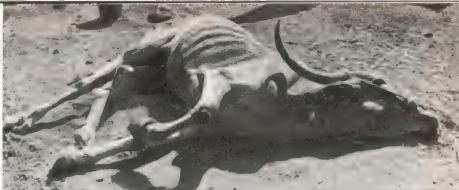
When Indira Gandhi mounted the sandstone ramparts of Delhi's Red Fort last week to deliver the traditional address marking the anniversary of India's independence, the heavy monsoon sky was a somber gray. But at least it provided rain and relief from a disastrous two-year drought. That was more than Indira Gandhi and India's 575 million people could hope for concerning the nation's social and economic outlook. The country is in the midst of its worst crisis in 26 years of independence.

Only Prime Minister Gandhi herself seemed to be unaware of this. She devoted her speech to criticizing farmers for hoarding, middlemen for gouging, black-marketeers and those who patronize them. For the food shortages that have pushed millions to the brink of starvation and caused widespread riots and looting, she offered shallow explanations, blaming the weather rather than mismanagement by India's central and state governments. Perhaps it was not surprising that *Blitz*, a rambunctious left-wing weekly, began its Independence Day editorial with the question: "Can India be saved?" *Blitz*, a supporter of Mrs. Gandhi, continued: "Political and economic problems of Himalayan dimensions threaten to crash upon the Indira Gandhi government unless it wakes up to the awesome realities."

What was more surprising was an out-of-character blast by India's ceremonial figurehead, President Varahagiri Venkata Giri. He said the government had failed to use the immense power that Mrs. Gandhi had won in 1971 in the national elections and in 1972 in the state elections—and, he might have added, the unmatched popularity she had gained after India trounced Pakistan and freed Bangladesh. Little more than a year ago, India and Indira alike were in a state of seemingly enduring euphoria.

Bloody Clash. Indira then warned her countrymen that military victories do not come cheap. She was right. The costs and dislocations of war have combined with drought to produce near famine, water shortages, power failures, price increases, labor strife, unemployment and street crime. Power failures caused by drought and labor sabotage of power plants have left New Delhi, the nation's capital, blacked out or browned out three times in as many months and many factories unable to operate. Unemployment is hard to pinpoint statistically in a land of perpetual underemployment (estimated at 24%). The jobless are now numbered at some 20 million, or about 9% of the total work force. Worse yet, of the jobless about 5.3 million are educated men whom India needs most to put to work: engineers and other professionals.

Inflation is rampant. Retail prices have soared 24% in twelve months. In



CARCASS OF AN ANIMAL VICTIM OF INDIA'S DROUGHT



INDIRA GANDHI AT WORK

Uttar Pradesh state, 20,000 policemen struck in May for better wages and conditions, leading to an ugly and bloody clash with the army in which 34 men were killed. Government officials from the highest to the lowest local levels have become unashamedly corrupt. It now takes a bribe to get a child into school, to get a milk card, even to get a long-distance railway ticket, let alone any of the innumerable licenses that India's pullulating bureaucracy demands. One capital resident said last week: "It used to be that you paid an official to do something that he was not supposed to do. Now you pay him just to do the job that he is supposed to do." Cynical Indians detect one ray of hope: because so many officials are taking bribes, they are competing against each other and lowering prices in the buyer's favor.

As a developing nation, India has made strides in heavy industries and in such esoteric fields as nuclear power, and still more notably in military prowess. But the monolithic Congress Party government has yet to carry out in any significant way economic and social reforms for which the nation's impoverished millions would be grateful.

The gross national product has grown not at all for two years, while the population continues to increase by about 15 million every year. So the standard of living for the multitude has actually declined. In a glaringly penny-wise, pound-foolish move, the government decided several months ago to cut back on its family planning, birth con-



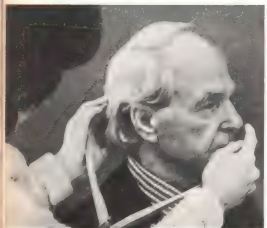
JOBLESS BEGGING IN BOMBAY
Blaming the weather.

trol and sterilization programs. Though land-reform laws have been passed, they have been carried out spottily if at all.

Along with her initiative, Indira Gandhi has lost much of her charisma. Contrary to her usual custom, she has rarely been out of New Delhi for the past two months and has displayed little leadership this year. Opinion polls, which gave her a whopping 93% approval after her electoral and military victories of 1971-72, dropped her to 50% last June; and as conditions worsen, so do her ratings. India is suffering from a nationwide sense of depression, frustration and malaise. Yet, Mrs. Gandhi's only advice to her Independence Day audience was to stop complaining and instead "work to build a new India." But to that end, her own government has delivered more promises and slogans than productive work.



BURT LANCASTER PLAYS THE OLD MOSES



HENRY MOORE IS MEASURED



BURT'S SON WILLIAM AS YOUNG MOSES

Actor **Burt Lancaster**, 59, was ready to play Moses, whose eye at 120, according to the Bible, "was not dim, nor his natural force abated." Announcing his role in a six-part TV series written by Anthony Burgess (*A Clockwork Orange*), Lancaster said, "Moses will be very different from the version put on the screen by Cecil B. DeMille." None of that larger-than-life stuff. "My Moses will be a real man," declared Burt, whose son William plays the young Moses in Egypt. "Not a hero, not a leader, but a man who is aware of his own and other people's failings."

Busy at work on a series of drawings and lithographs based on Stonehenge, **Henry Moore**, 75, was summering at his house in Italy. Back home in England, Mme. Tussaud's Wax Museum was getting ready to unveil a likeness of Moore leaning against a pillar, on the other side of which is a wax figure of **Pablo Picasso**. Moore had already donated a navy blue suit, shirt, tie and handkerchief for his effigy and had been photographed and measured by Jean Fraser, the museum's chief sculptor. But after recording the last statistic, she confessed to Moore that she really works

by eye. "Oh, that's the right thing to do with measurements," said Moore, whose own sculptures are strictly free form. "Ignore them."

He was one of the founders of bebop in the 1940s. Now Dartmouth has asked **Dizzy Gillespie** to become a professor of music. For Gillespie, 55, and for a generation of jazz musicians, this recognition of the cultural importance of jazz was "a long time comin'." Added Dizzy, who is currently playing in Belgium: "A lot's changed since I began. A jazz musician can play with symphonies now. Jazz will be the classical music of the future."

Nicaragua's biggest fashion export thus far has been Rock Singer **Mick Jagger's** lookalike wife Bianca, who sports a walking stick and tuxedos. Bianca is not the only clotheshorse Nicaragua is betting on. The postal service has issued a series of "Famous Couturiers of the World" stamps that reflects a more staid image than Bianca's. The series of eight includes a five-cordoba stamp (\$2.00) for Balmain of Paris, a one-cordoba stamp for the French designer Givenchy, and a 15-centavo stamp for Halston, the only American honored.

"I have great confidence in the polygraph. If this machine says a man lied, he lied." So said Philadelphia's law-and-order Mayor **Frank Rizzo** shortly before submitting to a lie-detector test. Rizzo was being tested along with Peter J. Camiel, city Democratic Party chairman, who accused Rizzo of trying to bribe him in his choice of a Democratic candidate for district attorney. The mayor lied on six of the ten questions, said the lie detector, while Camiel told the truth on all. After the test, Rizzo proclaimed his innocence, reaffirmed his confidence in the polygraph—then demanded a re-evaluation of the results by his own experts. Flattery, it seemed, got Rizzo nowhere with the machine.



DRESSES BY GIVENCHY, HALSTON & BALMAIN TURN UP ON NICARAGUAN STAMPS

Suspended from the dome of Manhattan's Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum were five 6-ft.-long airplanes that had been painted with huge biomorphic swirls of red, yellow, blue and black by American Artist **Alexander Calder**, 75. Calder had been asked to use the DC-8 as a canvas by Braniff Chairman Harding L. Lawrence, who broke commercial flying tradition by ordering up his jets in brilliant colors. Calder, who invented both the stable and the mobile, starts painting an actual plane this fall in Dallas—with his signature eight feet high on the nose. It's a bird, it's a plane—it's a Calder!

PEOPLE

Rudolf Nureyev, 35, is used to getting his way. In Tel Aviv for performances of the Royal Ballet during Israel's 25th anniversary celebration, Rudi was learning to sail in the ancient harbor. By one account, he took command at once, ordered the sailing instructor off his hired dinghy and, with two fellow dancers, set out for the open sea. First they collided with another boat. Next it was the harbor wall. At this point, the instructor, who watched from a jetty, dived in and climbed aboard. Nureyev would have none of it. Into the water he went—his floppy knitted cap skimming the surface. He waited on some nearby rocks until the instructor abandoned ship. Then Rudi swam out and reassumed command.

Westerns have always played fast and loose with the facts, but *The Real Life of General Custer*, now being made in Paris, is hilariously and deliberately erroneous. **Catherine Deneuve** plays a French nurse who seduces Custer, acted with great inauthenticity by Italian Actor **Marcello Mastroianni**. The high-point of the movie is not the last stand but Custer's seduction: Mastroianni, wearing long johns, is writing a letter to his wife. Deneuve walks up, literally picks him up and carries him to bed—carefully turning to the wall the portrait of his Commander in Chief, Richard Milhous Nixon. Then, history be damned, her neck pierced with an arrow but her hat in place, Frenchie expires at Little Big Horn with her General.

Portsmouth, N.H., was celebrating the 350th anniversary of its founding and invited the British government to send a warship as a token of the fishing port's first 153 years under the crown



MAYOR FRANK RIZZO GETS POLYGRAPHED

(1623-1776). Who should turn up as a crew member on the H.M.S. *Minerva*, an antisubmarine frigate, but **Prince Charles**? The lieutenant, resplendent in his summer uniform (whites), proved himself quite the charmer on shore. Circulating through the crowd, he dazzled Mayor Arthur Brady ("A regular fellow," said the mayor), talked horses with Race Track Owner Joseph Sullivan, promised Housewife Molly Pike that he'd have a drink with her, and asked 84-year-old Mamie Daniel, a local widow, if she remembered the English town she left in 1910 for America. Portsmouth turned royalist quickly.



DENEUVE GIVES MASTROIANNI A LIFT



RUDOLF NUREYEV TAKES A SWIM



PRINCE CHARLES GOES ASHORE AT PORTSMOUTH, N.H.

ALEXANDER CALDER PAINTS PLANES FOR BRANIFF



PAPA & MAMA IN BATTLE



MICHAEL'S GIRL IS CLOTHESLINED



PROSTITUTES IN "HEAVY TRAFFIC"



MICHAEL (A BAKSHI SELF-PORTRAIT) AT TABLE

Street Sounds

HEAVY TRAFFIC

Directed and Written by RALPH BAKSHI

Michael is a 22-year-old cartoonist who still lives with his parents in a grim flat on Manhattan's Lower East Side. His mother is a nightmare Yiddisher mama, a shrieking, swooping, loony harriidan who plies her son with brimming trays full of food. Papa is a small-time Italian hood who looks like an eggplant with a two-day growth of beard. Mama and Papa war around him, but Michael stays safe from the battle by losing himself in his cartoons.

Such fragments of urban naturalism are littered all through *Heavy Traffic*. Its novelty derives not from originality of insight but from the fact that virtually the whole movie is a cartoon. Animation has seldom been used to express purely personal experience. *Heavy Traffic* not only has an authentic tenement toughness but the rough feeling of unassimilated autobiography, of experiences and fantasies still keenly felt.

The movie is thus indebted less to Disney than to underground cartoonists like R. Crumb. Director-Writer Bakshi, in fact, was responsible for the lamentable *Fritz the Cat*, a feature-length film about one of Crumb's most famous creations without any of Crumb's clout. *Heavy Traffic* is an improvement over *Fritz*, but it shares its scurrilous atmosphere and flair for capturing the surreal violence of the big city.

Animation lets Bakshi run free with arresting fantasies. When Mama and Papa battle, Papa lays Mama out with a haymaker; Mama hurls a meat cleaver that catches Papa right in the crotch. Michael's sexual initiation on a rooftop ends with a brawl and the girl's naked body dangling from a clothesline.

When the shock wears off, a few questions remain. Urban desperation is a familiar subject by now, and Bakshi's private fantasies may be more startling than original. The film is a grab bag of drawing styles and animation techniques, some used once, then discarded, others used scattershot throughout, giving the whole picture the chaotic consistency of an experimental sketchbook.

Although none of the visual ideas are new, some, like painting characters onto old movie footage, are still striking. Others are ostentatious. Michael, the Bakshi surrogate, is drawn with a cheap storybook realism while everyone else is grotesque. The hero looks like Snow White among the Seven Dwarfs, the kind of narcissism the movie not only indulges, but stresses. ■ Joy Cocks

Ralph Bakshi tends to talk in manifestoes. "What I'm doing to animation," he proclaims, "is the same thing young film makers are doing to regular

movies—cutting down budgets and gaining freedom that allows me to make the pictures I like. I want to do bang-out comedy. I also want to do *The Penal Colony*."

The world will have to wait a bit for the first cartoon Kafka. Right now Bakshi is finishing "a homage to the black man" in the form of a collection of Uncle Remus-style tales called *Coonakin*. As in all animation work, progress is slow because each movement, no matter how imperceptible in the finished product, requires a separate drawing. "We turn out twelve feet of film a week here," says Bakshi, who disdains the larger animation outfits in town that finish a hundred or more feet a week by using fewer drawings per foot and settling for less lively results.

Brought up in Brooklyn, Bakshi, 33, started drawing when a high school teacher praised his doodling talent. He began his career by turning out numerous television commercials and developing characters like Sad Cat for Terri Tunes. He moved to Los Angeles three years ago "because that's where all the animators are." The major studios had shut down their costly animation departments, enabling Bakshi to hire several of the best people in the field for his new independent company. A staff of 25 now works in a studio that looks like a cross between Santa's workbench and a Seventh Avenue sweatshop. "I treat animators as if they were actors," says Bakshi. "I tell them how a scene should work, what feeling people ought to go away with."

Bakshi lives with his wife and three children in an unfashionable section of Los Angeles called Hancock Park. He likes to spend spare time poring over his enormous collection of children's books, especially the work of such classic illustrators as Arthur Rackham and N.C. Wyeth. As for his ambitions, they are boundless. "I want animated films to operate on a whole new serious level," he says. "There are no limits. How about *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* in animation? How about *World War III* in animation?"

Quick Cuts

THE MACKINTOSH MAN is a triumph of the packager's craft. It brings together a trio of international stars (Paul Newman, Dominique Sanda and James Mason), an array of first-class English supporting players (Harry Andrews, Ian Bannen, Nigel Patrick), and a renowned director (John Huston) whose work is not what it once was—or seemed to be—but who remains a solidly professional moviemaker. However, a close inspection of the script could have saved everyone a lot of trouble. It seems to have been prematurely disintegrated from a time capsule devoted to the cultural

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The Machete.
(Carving out time for what counts)

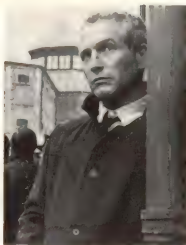
We're always showing ordinary couples doing an extraordinarily refreshing thing: enjoying being together. To celebrate these small reminders that human beings can still be human, we try to suggest a drink that is suitably refreshing.

This time we mixed pineapple juice with Smirnoff and added some tonic. Result? The Machete, a drink you might take to when you're taking a break.



To make a Machete, pour 1 1/2 oz. of Smirnoff into a glass of ice. Add two-thirds of a glass of pineapple juice, fill with tonic and stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®



NEWMAN IN "MACKINTOSH MAN"
Artifact of the 1960s.

artifacts of the 1960s, when spies were coming in out of the cold war's shadows to warm themselves in the world's moviehouses. Newman is a double agent who is sent to prison in England in order to be sprung by a gang specializing in elaborate and unlikely jail breaks; then, using his fugitive status as a cover, he is to track down a major violator of the Official Secrets Act. There are drug injections, escapes, captures, car chases, beatings, double-

crosses and whatnot. There are even two novelties: a woman kicked in the groin and a bit of blather about letting the Commie spies go, since everyone seems to be letting bygones be bygones these days. Within the limits of the genre, this stuff is handled well enough. It just seems terribly redundant, even to the people involved in it.

MAURIE is an unprecedented film—the first full-scale weeper for men. It is the slightly fictionalized history of the relationship between Maurice Stokes, a black basketball player who was named rookie of the year after his first season with the Cincinnati Royals, then was mysteriously paralyzed, and Jack Twyman, a white man and one of the team's stars, who oversaw and financed a ten-year attempt to rehabilitate Stokes. In the end Stokes died, but not before recovering his ability to speak and to work, albeit painfully, with his hands. As for Twyman, what began as a casual case of good Samaritanism and team spirit turned into a cause and an obsession. Writer Douglas Morrow and Director Daniel Mann do not explore the complexities or growth of either character. They play their story strictly and obviously for tears and inspiration. Bernie Casey in the title role and Bo Svenson as Twyman work with affecting simplicity and nice touches of humor, much of the time undercutting the film makers' implacable drive for

sentimentality. Their combined efforts remind us that the relationship between these men was more interesting than a *Love Story* for jocks.

BADGE 373, according to the credits, is "inspired by the exploits of Eddie Egan," the former New York cop whose fictionalized doings were also the basis for *The French Connection*. But inspired is not a word to be employed anywhere near this flat-footed flatfoot saga. Indeed, Egan could probably sue the producers for defamation of character. (He in turn could be sued for non-support for his work in a secondary role.) What must have seemed like twists on the *Connection* formula at some stage of the film's conception look like simple rip-offs on-screen. The big chase this time involves a bus instead of a subway train; the bad guys are smuggling guns out of the country—to Puerto Rican revolutionaries—instead of heroin into it. Director Howard Koch's sense of pace is roughly that of the U.S. postal service. Writer Pete Hamill's sense of style is adequately suggested by his naming the villain Sweet William and making him an embittered Harvard graduate who quotes Gide during a confrontation scene. Two worthy performers, Robert Duvall as the Egan type and Verna Bloom as his girl friend, try hard to make something human out of their roles. Unassisted as they are, they fail honorably. ■ R.S.

Back-to-school used to mean pencils, pads and a lunch box.



RELAX YOU'VE GOT MASTER CHARGE

Today a style-conscious kids need lots of everything. And they need it all at once. But whatever the kids need, you can get it with your Master Charge card. Because the card is good in more places across the country than any other. And it lets you stretch out the payments, if you like.



Alone with the Blues

Those who knew Janis Joplin only from her records can be forgiven for wondering quite what the fuss was about. It could not be communicated fully on records—the burning lava flow of energy raising audiences to their feet and into the aisles. But for those who saw her perform even once, it was not easy to forget the gyrating girl in a glow-worm mini, all surging emotion boiling up through swirls of curses and Southern Comfort in a Dixie cup. Or the single vivid impression recorded in the mind's eye that, without the scalding voice and tremulous ostrich plume headdress, she was really rather small.

She was the White Queen of the Blues. When she threw back her head to sing she became a lioness. From the moment she stomped, wailed, moaned, sweated her way through *Love Is Like a Ball and Chain* at the Monterey pop festival in June 1967 until her death three years later from an overdose of heroin, Janis Joplin was the high priestess of rock, the only female star to become a sex symbol on the order of Mick Jagger or Jim Morrison.

"If the zany creature that the public saw, all that campy, trivial bluster, was real enough in its way, it was far from the substance of her deeper glow," writes Myra Friedman in *Buried Alive* (Morrow; \$7.95). "The hysteria, the extravagance, and the foolish noise were a barren fuss embraced by barren hearts, and it was a lost child who would kick up such rubbish to gain entrance into rooms so empty." Written with a sympathetic intelligence, at times fiercely lyrical, *Buried Alive* is an honest book about Joplin the idol and Joplin the victim in the frantic, manic disarray of rock in the '60s. A meticulous researcher, Friedman has taken great pains to document the Joplin chronicle as exhaustively as one might document the biography of a statesman—with the result that the large cast of minor characters may be recognizable only to groupies. Still, this is the best book yet about rock.

Joplin was born in the small oil-refinery town of Port Arthur, Texas, where her father was an engineer for Texaco. A docile, soft-faced child, she was a voluminous reader, and her grades were excellent. No incidents of her early childhood foreshadowed fame—or a life crudely bartered away in exchange for counterfeited thrills from drugs, sex and alcohol.

*I guess I'm just like a turtle,
Hiding underneath its horny
shell*

More than anything else she wanted to be pretty. But in adolescence her complexion raged and she got fat. A lifelong obsession with personal ugliness

began. Unequal to the conventional standards of Southern femininity, Joplin decided to be its antithesis: she became one of the guys—palling around with boys who drank beer, listened to jazz, and tolerated her because she was willing to play court jester.

They call me mean, people call me evil,

I've been called much worse things around.

But I'm gonna take good care of Janis, yeah, honey,

Ain't no one gonna dog me down

By her senior year in high school in 1960, she was a walking cartoon. Her dress was outlandish, her behavior outrageous. Even the boys were embarrassed by her gamy language and alcoholic escapades at sleazy bars across the river in Louisiana. Classmates took to calling her "Pig."

After a halfhearted attempt at college, she drifted across the country and wound up singing in San Francisco coffeehouses. Although she had been singing in bars and college hangouts since her middle teens, music became the core of her existence after she joined a local rock group called Big Brother and the Holding Company. "I might be the first hippie pin-up girl," she wrote back home ecstatically. Enclosed was a poster of the new Janis, slimmer, draped in swinging beads and bracelets. With her 1967 performance at Monterey she gained instant fame, a contract with New York Rock Promoter Albert Grossman, and shortly after the friendship of Grossman's new publicist, Myra Friedman.

Joplin's career was not built through a publicity machine—Friedman did not even have publicity shots of her after her first triumphant New York appearance. Joplin created her own extravagant legend onstage. Unlike singers whose music swells in a slowly rising tide over 15 or 20 minutes, she opened the floodgates in her first two songs. "Most performers give just a fraction of themselves," Actress Geraldine Page told her after a concert. "I can't remember the last time I saw one who gave everything they have."

"If I were a musician, it might be a lot harder to get all that feeling out," Joplin told an interviewer. "But I'm really fortunate because my gig is just feeling things." Insecure as she was in her talent, she liked to boast about her spontaneity.

Yet Producer John Simon remembers that Joplin worked 17 hours a day making the *Cheap Thrills* album. "She was planning out every shriek and moan as she went," Simon insisted. "We'd do a take. She'd say, 'I like that.' The next take she'd do it the same. It was all planned, like filling up the spaces in a Double-Croscic." If Si-



YOUNG JANIS JOPLIN



SINGING AT 1968 NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL
A burning lava flow of energy.

MUSIC

mon is right, she was an actress as well as a singer.

*I once had a daddy,
He said he'd give me everything in
sight.
So I said, honey, I want the sun-
shine, yeah,
An' take the stars out of the night.*

Bloody Marys for breakfast, screwdrivers for lunch, more drinks in the afternoon, leave the hotel at 6, makeup at 8, interview, onstage at 10, hamburgers at a diner, second show at 1, drive home at 3, early-morning party, pass out. A rock artist lives like a modern marathon dancer. Janis craved every bit of the action: "Hey, man, what is it? I'll try it. How do you do it? Do you suck it? No? You swallow it? I'll swallow it." But at other times: "Those kids who touch drugs are crazy when they can have a drink of Southern Comfort." Onstage she waved her bottle, but by 1967 she had begun to experiment with heroin.

She was suffering increasingly from the familiar affliction of the suddenly famous—a mix of narcissism, self-hatred and wretched insecurity. Everywhere she went she traveled in an impenetrable cage of loneliness.

*Time keeps movin' on
Friends, they turn away
I keep movin' on, but I never found
out why
I keep tryin' so hard an' babe, I
keep tryin'
To make it right to another lonely
day.*

She called it the *Kozmic Blues*—"You have to spell it that way; it's too heavy to be taken seriously," she said. Faced with the prospect of solitary nights in motel rooms, the world's greatest female rock star turned in desperation to lovers of either sex. One lesbian affair, which went on sporadically over the last two years of her life, was with a groupie named Peggy Caserta, who describes it all with fulsome vulgarity and very little insight in *Going Down With Janis* (Lyle Stuart; \$7.95).

Joplin's affairs were usually brief. For several months in 1967 she lived with "Country Joe" Macdonald and was completely free of drugs. But her well-publicized romances with Joe Namath and Kris Kristofferson lasted respectively one night and a few weeks. (On hearing that Namath was at one of her concerts, she bawled out, "Joe Joe!" from the stage—just like anyone in her groupie audience.) At her death she was "engaged" to Seth Morgan, a college student half a dozen years her junior, and a member of a socially prominent New York family. She claimed no man could ever give her the rush she felt from a wall of applause. A few weeks before her death she told Kristofferson she was working on a new tune. "I'm gonna call it," she confided, "I Just Made Love to 25,000 People But I'm Goin' Home Alone."

EDUCATION



YOUTH EXPERT JAMES COLEMAN

Less School —More Work ...

"With every decade, the length of schooling has increased, until a thoughtful person must ask whether society can conceive of no other way for youth to come into adulthood." So writes Sociologist James Coleman, chairman of the Panel on Youth of the President's Science Advisory Committee. Best known for his controversial 1966 study of minority schooling, Coleman, 47, is a long-time student of American youth. In a new report, he and his team of nine social scientists and educators recommend more work and less school for young Americans aged 14 to 24.

The trouble with school, argues Coleman, is that its focus is too narrow. At their best, schools equip the young with basic skills, some knowledge of their heritage, and a taste for learning. But schools are not designed to provide such adult necessities as the ability to manage one's own affairs or to engage in "intense, concentrated involvement in an activity." Nor are they the place for learning how to take responsibility for work and with others.

Schools not only fail to develop these capabilities, says the Coleman panel, but by monopolizing young people's time, they also prevent them from acquiring skills elsewhere. Until about 50 years ago, a child learned how to be an adult in his life outside school, especially within his family. But the family no longer serves this function, and "school has expanded to fill the time that other activities once occupied without substituting for them." Segregated by age, today's young are saturated with information but starved for experience.

Although changing the schools themselves (for instance, by creating

specialized schools and using students as tutors) could broaden their role, says the panel, the best remedy is to limit schooling and provide opportunities for the young to alternate study with work. Participation in serious and responsible work with people of different backgrounds and ages would promote adult capabilities and counteract the isolation and passivity of school.

The panel's most provocative proposal is to get the young out of schools earlier and into other organizations. Hospitals, symphony orchestras, department stores and factories all are urged to experiment with such a plan, taking on youngsters from age 16, using them for whatever labor they can perform, while teaching them further skills and overseeing their formal schooling. This approach would represent a fundamental shift away from the traditional American view of education as a means of secular salvation. It might also be a move toward an even older pattern—apprenticeship.

Coleman himself goes beyond the panel's proposal to urge the development of working communities that encompass all ages. An organization of 1,000 persons would include 90 infants four and under, 180 aged five to 13 and 100 oldsters over 65. While producing goods and services, such utopian units could also "bring down to humane size" the care of the young and elderly. As a model Coleman cites the residential community of the Society of Brothers, in upstate New York, which manufactures commercial toys. Unlike theirs, however, his groups would function only during the normal workday.

... If You Can Find It

Many educators would agree with Coleman that school perpetuates adolescence by shielding the student from real work experience. But how does a youngster acquire experience when there are not that many paying jobs available to him?

For the past three years the government of Canada has funded an innovative program called Opportunities for Youth, which pays students to dream up and work at jobs they want to do—such as bike patrols for cyclists in distress or day camps for children of low-income families.

In the U.S., youngsters have no say in the definition of jobs provided through federal programs, most of which are aimed at poor and minority youths. Traditionally, middle-class students have been left to their own devices, and this summer's job search has proved a hard test of their ingenuity.

Officially, the nation's job situation is not all that bad. The seasonal rate of unemployment for youngsters between the ages of 16 and 19 is now 14.8%.

compared with 16% a year ago; but the statistics do not tell the difficulties of finding a job, particularly for students seeking summer work.

Terry Kintop, a counselor for the Minnesota Department of Manpower Services, says that summer jobs for middle-class youths have been "nearly nil" in his area. "They don't qualify for special programs for poor kids, and they don't have the contacts the rich kids have." Last spring, his advice to job seekers was: "Go out and pound the pavements and show you are really interested." Many have been doing just that—all summer long.

It took Natherlene Bolden, a Bronx Community College scholarship student, almost four months to find a temporary job answering a telephone in a carpet showroom for \$2 an hour. "When I first started in April, the New York State Employment Office told me it was too soon," she says, "but when I went back in May, they told me that all the summer jobs had been taken."

She answered a Sunday newspaper

ad for college students placed by a chain of stationery stores and found that by 10 a.m. on Monday there were no further openings. She went to an employment agency that offered a \$95-a-week switchboard job (for which she would have had to pay a \$133 finder's fee), but that job never opened up. "I went to Morrisania Hospital because I heard they were hiring, but they told me there was nobody to interview me and they would contact me," she says. "I went back two weeks later, but nothing was available." Next she went to United Parcel "because I was told there were jobs. At least they let me fill out an application," she says. "Then they told me to keep calling—every other week."

Ruth Geyer is a biology major at Oberlin, but three days a week (for \$3 an hour) she dons an apron to wax furniture, wash windows and mop the floors of a ten-room house in the wealthy Philadelphia suburb of Rosemont, Pa. "I haven't had any other experience, so maybe I'm just lucky to have found it," she says.

Nineteen-year-old Kathie Young took a temporary job at a lemonade stand run by a Chicago bank until she was able to land a job as a service clerk in a grocery store near her home in Elmhurst, Ill. "The pay stinks," says the College of DuPage sophomore, "but I hope to work my way up to being a checker. They get paid \$2.57 an hour."

Chris Bernbrock, 21, a senior at Santa Clara University, was turned down as a waiter at more than 50 New York restaurants before landing a job as a hotel night guard. He had hoped to make as much as \$1,500 this summer for tuition and books, but now expects to save only about \$500.

For others who persevered, there were odd jobs to be found—some of them very odd.

► Under the auspices of the National Trust for Historic Preservation, a Berkeley architecture major, Christopher Yip, is recording a neglected part of Americana by sketching out-houses in northern Virginia. His pay: \$132 a week plus housing in a stable.

► A Stanford coed is inspecting the cleanliness of Union Oil filling stations for \$26 a day. Her job description: Sparkle Girl.

► A Harvard senior, Lewis Jones, got \$25 a day to wear a go-rilla costume and hand out leaflets in a shopping center in Peabody, Mass.

► At Boston University's employment service, Dr. Robert Jeanne had no trouble locating Martha Francis for \$2 an hour to mothproof his collection of bugs.

But for other students, the search for a job in the summer of '73 has been frustrating. With only a few weeks left before schools reopen, many have simply given up the work ethic and gone to the beach for the last days of vacation.

"The Dale Carnegie Course showed me how to solve people problems."



HERBERT J. FURNEE, ELECTRICAL ENGINEER
AIR KAMAR INC., WINDSOR LOCKS, CONNECTICUT

Herb Furnee is the kind of young man you expect to go places. Only three years out of college, he has a good job in a supervisory capacity, likes to go to New Hampshire or Europe on vacations and flies his own airplane. "I took the Course for two reasons," he says, "to overcome a dread of talking to groups, and to improve my ability to work with people—especially those reporting to me."

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NATHERLENE BOLDEN BEING INTERVIEWED



KATHIE YOUNG SELLING LEMONADE



The Mind of the Mass Murderer

Led to the burial sites by Elmer Wayne Henley, 17, and David Owen Brooks, 18, police last week recovered the bodies of four more teen-age boys from shallow graves. That brought to 27 the body count in Houston's homosexual-torture murders (TIME, Aug. 20), establishing a grisly new record* for a series of mass killings in the U.S.

At midweek only nine of the bod-

*Surpassing the 25 farm-worker victims of Labor Contractor Juan Corona, who were found two years ago in graves near Yuba City, Calif.

ies had been identified. But that was enough for a Harris County (Houston) grand jury; it indicted Henley and Brooks for murder. Henley was charged with shooting one youth and strangling another, and Brooks and Henley were accused of strangling a boy of 15.

Before being silenced by their court-appointed lawyers, both had freely admitted that over the past three years they had lured the boys to paint- and glue-sniffing parties at the home of Dean Arnold Corll, 33. There the victims—mostly runaways from the Houston area (see box)—were homosexually assaulted and then shot or strangled.

Although the lurid details of the killings seemed to be well established, there were few clues about the psychological factors that led to the orgy of murder. Corll, who has been painted as the evil mastermind of the operation, was dead; it was his murder by Henley (who claims that he shot Corll in self-defense when the older man threatened to molest him sexually and kill him) that brought the multiple murders to light. Both Henley and Brooks, on the advice of their lawyers, have refused to speak to a psychiatrist appointed by the prosecutor.

Thus behavioral experts had to rely largely on their studies of previous mass murderers in speculating about what motivated the Houston killers.

To many of the experts, the sexual perversion described by Henley and Brooks seemed a particularly significant ingredient of the multicide, or mass murder. "Almost invariably, mass murderers have a sexual motivation," says Charles Wall, a professor of clinical psychiatry at U.C.L.A. "Such persons are turned on by inflicting pain on others."

Dr. James Lomax, a Galveston, Texas, physician and murder researcher, adds that the "mingling of sex with violence" occurs frequently in the mind of the murderer. In one recent study, Lomax found that 25% of the young male murderers he investigated had engaged in sexual acts, often aberrant, immediately after the murder.

A combination of perverse sex and killing has also characterized many of the notorious mass murderers of history. Gilles de Rais, bodyguard to Joan of Arc, confessed at his trial to slaughtering hundreds of boys in the 15th century "solely for the pleasure and delectation of lust." Henri Landru, the

French Bluebeard, specialized in ravishing and killing lonely women until the guillotine ended his career in 1922. A German schoolteacher named Wagner, who was obsessed with an act of sodomy that he said he committed when he was 27, killed his family of five, nine other people and a number of cows in 1913. Fritz Haarmann, the "ogre of Hannover," combined homosexuality with the killing of at least 24 victims shortly after World War I. His lover, Hans Grans, was also convicted in the murders. In 1958 Charles Starkweather ran amuck in Nebraska with his 14-year-old girl friend, Caril Fugate, and killed ten people; he interrupted his murderous spree with an abnormal sexual assault on the body of one of his victims, a teen-age girl.

Oddly enough, the murder of Dean Corll seems to have been touched off by an aversion to sex with women. Henley had brought 15-year-old Rhonda Williams to Corll's house. She was strapped to a board face up (a boy was manacled to the same board face down). Corll, according to Henley, "was mad because I brought the chick over there." That led to their fatal argument. Afterward Henley protested, "I didn't go to bed with that girl."

Despite the mass of seeming evidence, many experts dispute the view that aberrant sex is causally related to mass murder. Harry Kozol, director of the Center for the Diagnosis and Treatment of Dangerous Persons in Massachusetts, emphasizes that "while homosexual murders attract great attention, their incidence is rare." In mass murder, he has found, "sex doesn't seem to be the motivation." One trait that Kozol has found in common among mass murderers: "A certain homogeneity about the victims." Jack the Ripper, for example, invariably chose prostitutes, and the Boston Strangler (13 victims) selected mostly elderly women.

Perverted Sex. Psychiatrist Shervert Frazier, a Harvard Medical School expert on multicide and a member of the Texas panel that studied Charles Whitman (who shot 13 people from a tower in Austin in 1966), also insists that there is "no connection between homosexuality and murder per se." In Frazier's nearly two decades of experience with murders and mass murders, perverted sex has not played an important role in any of the cases he had studied.

Frazier also takes issue with his colleagues who try to draw a psychiatric profile of a murderer. "From what we know now," he says, "we cannot predict either who is going to commit murder or which people will commit single murders and which will do multiple murders."

Nonetheless, the 65 murderers and multiple murderers recently analyzed by Frazier did have some traits in com-



GILLES DE RAIS



HENRI LANDRU



RICHARD SPECK



SPECTATORS WATCH BODY BEING REMOVED FROM GRAVE

The Runaways: A National Problem

"Why, I could do a better job with a troop of Boy Scouts," says Everett Waldrop, a burly, tattooed carpenter whose sons Donald, 17, and Jerry, 15, were among the victims of Dean Corll's sex-murder orgies. Like other anguished parents, he is bitter about the failure of the Houston police to recognize that something strange had been going on in the Heights section of the city—and to do something about it. Waldrop charges that 13 boys disappeared from the same neighborhood around the same time in early 1971, but that the police were lax in searching for his sons.

"We anticipated the criticism," says Inspector H.D. Caldwell, Chief of Staff Services (which includes the Juvenile Missing Persons) for the Houston police. "Someone must be found to assume the blame." But, says Houston Police Chief Herman Short, "This kind of disgusting attempt at scapegoating compounds an already tragic incident."

In fact, Houston police records show, about 280 juveniles are reported missing every year from the Heights section, just a small fraction of the thousands of runaways reported in the city every year. David Hilligiest, believed to be one of the still-identified victims, has been missing—and the object of an agonizing search by his parents—for more than two years. "We're hanging on the thread that our son is still alive," says Fred Hilligiest. Of the 5,228 juveniles who took off last year, the police say, only 424, or 8%, remain unaccounted for today, despite the fact that some parents wait for days and even months before reporting that their children are missing. Many, like the parents of another victim, Marty Jones, never report them at all. For instance, Horace Lawrence, whose son Billy, 15, was one of the victims, tearfully confesses that he never alerted the police; he thought that Billy was in Austin play-



DOROTHY & FRED HILLIGIEST



MOTHER OF MARTY JONES AT FUNERAL

ing in a rock band. Although runaways are not official police business in Texas (because, as in most states, there is no law against a minor's leaving home), the force maintains a round-the-clock juvenile missing-persons desk; 90 officers are available to investigate runaway cases.

Other American cities report that they too have the runaway problem under control. New York City police say they solve 95% of the 13,000 cases they process annually. Chicago dealt with 16,500 missing youths last year and solved 99.5% of the cases. Los Angeles has now cleared 90% of the 7,601 cases reported in 1972.

Even so, the number of juvenile runaways seems to be going up across the nation. The FBI reports that 164,000 runaways were taken into custody (most are then simply returned to their parents) in 1972, compared with only 118,000 in 1967. (Ironically, the number of runaway cases in Houston declined almost 10% between 1971 and 1972.) Because most runaways are not reported missing, authorities estimate the U.S. total last year at 1,000,000.

Though the nature of the runaways varies from city to city, across the nation the youthful fugitives seem to have one thing in common: they are fleeing their parents. At San Francisco's Huck-

leberry House, which counsels under-18 runaways, Steve Lieberman, co-director of Youth Advocates, the center's sponsoring agency, says: "Most runaways leave home for a legitimate reason." Some typical reasons: beatings by brutal parents, arguments over the use of drugs, lack of freedom, and sometimes anger on the part of girls toward sexual advances by their fathers or stepfathers. Furthermore, says Lieberman, "About two-thirds of the kids come from homes where the marriage of their natural parents is not intact."

It is for these reasons that the Looking Glass Runaway Center in Chicago attempts to steer its runaways clear of the authorities. Says Counselor Anne Fortune: "We feel it's inappropriate to report these kids, unless legally necessary, because it's usually the idea of authority that they're running away from in the first place."

But many runaway centers are facing a crisis; their federal funding will run out if Congress fails to pass the Runaway Youth Act, now under consideration. If they are forced to close, says Bruce McQuaker of the Traveler's Aid Society, which sponsors Looking Glass, "that's just one less chance for the runaway and one more chance for a Houston."

mon. They did not "know how to be men" because many had grown up in fatherless homes or suffered "repeated brutalization by a father who was inconsistent or unpredictably violent." Corll, Henley and Brooks all came from broken homes. Mrs. Mary Henley told reporters that Wayne, her eldest son, dropped out of high school in 1970 because his father (now divorced from Mrs. Henley) had beaten him and shot at her.

Other similarities between Frazier's murderers included "loner-type" isolation, episodes of inability to control impulses, periodic buildups of restlessness and anxiety, an unusual familiarity with weapons, a lack of guilt over their acts and "a high incidence of repeated per-

sonal humiliation and a sense of powerlessness and personal inadequacy."

Another list has been compiled by Joseph Wepman, a psychology professor at the University of Chicago. His "commonalities" among mass murderers: inability to hold a job; no apparent feelings toward the victims; seeing the victims as objects, not people and often not viewing their crime as murder.

Still other experts believe that certain physical abnormalities play an important role in producing a mass murderer. Among them: chromosome irregularities, hormonal imbalances and brain damage. Charles Whitman, for instance, was found to have a brain tumor. Another mass murderer, Richard Speck, who killed eight student

nurses in Chicago in 1966, suffered severe head injuries as a child. The psychiatrist who examined him prior to trial, Dr. Marvin Ziporyn, believes that he became a killer because of ensuing brain damage.

Ziporyn, who has since written a book on Speck and examined more than 300 other murderers, also contends that they seem "normal" until that "moment when the brakes go"—when the right combination of chemical, physical, psychic and social factors sends them out of control. "In a serial crime like Houston," Ziporyn says, "it's probably safe to say that after the first murder Corll saw it was easy to kill, and the rest of his victims were not people to him, they were like dolls."



AGGARWAL (RIGHT) & ASSISTANTS WITH SEISMOGRAPH AT BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE

SCIENCE

Predicting the Quake

Since man first appeared on this planet, he has been at the mercy of earthquakes, which over the ages have devastated wide areas and killed millions of people. While scientists may never learn to prevent quakes, they may soon be able to forecast them accurately, giving inhabitants a chance to flee a threatened area in time. Early this month, for the first time, scientists predicted an earthquake—and then felt it rumble beneath their feet right on schedule.

The earth tremor, which occurred in the Blue Mountain Lake region of the Adirondack Mountains of New York State, was forecast by Yash Aggarwal, 33, a seismologist at Columbia University's Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory. Aggarwal and another Lamont scientist, Lynn Sykes, began to study the Blue Mountain Lake area two years ago, intrigued by the fact that in a generally calm region it experienced frequent small tremors. In mid-July, when two moderate quakes jolted the area, Aggarwal and colleagues from Lamont set up seven portable seismographs in addition to a permanent station already in place. For two weeks, Aggarwal drove 100 miles every day to check the instrument readings. His routine paid off. On Aug. 1 he telephoned Sykes, head of the seismology group at Lamont, and predicted that a quake of magnitude 2.5 or more should be coming "in a couple of days." Two days later, the earth dutifully complied with an earthquake that registered about 2.5 on the Richter scale. "I was so excited," recalls Aggarwal, an Indian who

was born in Kenya, "that I nearly drove into a tree."

Geophysicist Gordon Greene, of the U.S. Geological Survey, was equally enthusiastic. He had been with Sykes when Aggarwal phoned in his forecast and had driven to Blue Mountain Lake just in time for the quake. "If you can do this three times," he told Aggarwal, "you will all be famous."

The prediction technique was devised independently by the Lamont researchers (TIME, Feb. 12) and Stanford University Scientist Amos Nur. It is based upon a sudden cracking and expansion of rock along a fault zone in the earth when stresses reach a critical point. This cracking creates many tiny cavities in the water-saturated rock. That slows the passage of P (pressure) waves, which travel faster through liquid-filled cracks. Another kind of seismic wave, the S (shear) wave, however, is less affected by the newly opened cracks; thus the usual ratio of P- to S-wave velocity drops sharply. Then, as ground water gradually seeps into the new cracks, the ratio returns to normal. But the water increases pressure within the rock, causing one wall of the fault to slide along the other. It is this slippage that creates the shock. In a paper submitted to *Science*, Sykes, Aggarwal and Christopher Scholz assert that in the Blue Mountain region the seismic-wave phenomenon occurs before every sizable earth tremor.

The P- and S-wave phenomenon on which the Lamont technique is based was first reported in 1969 by Soviet scientists working in the Garm region of southern Russia. It was later shown to have occurred before earthquakes in Ja-

pan and the disastrous quake near Los Angeles that destroyed half a billion dollars worth of property in 1971. Whether the same prequake behavior occurs along key segments of the San Andreas fault region has not yet been determined. San Andreas rock formations are different from those at Blue Mountain. Nonetheless, the Lamont scientists suspect that the phenomenon may be widespread, and that, combined with other geological clues, it will eventually enable seismologists everywhere to call the time, place and size of many quakes. "An earthquake just can't occur without warning," says Aggarwal. "It's too big a thing."

Fractions

► In 1969, University of Maryland Physicist Joseph Weber astonished the scientific world with the claim that he had detected gravity waves—a phenomenon predicted by Einstein's 1916 general theory of relativity but never confirmed by actual observation. Since then, scientists in half a dozen countries have tried to duplicate Weber's experiment (in which he measured tiny deformations in two large aluminum cylinders); but none of these efforts has been successful. Now still another negative report has been filed. Using a detector at least as sensitive as Weber's equipment, IBM Physicists Richard Garwin and James Levine wrote in *Physical Review Letters*, they were unable to pick up any signal that could reasonably be called a gravity wave. The IBM researchers were not surprised. They note Weber's contention that the waves he detected seemed to be coming from the center of the galaxy. If so, they say, the waves would presumably have to be of such great magnitude at their source that the entire galaxy would have burned itself out billions of years ago in generating them.

► According to Soviet Chemist Boris Deryagin's report in 1962, polywater was a totally different form of water—a thick, sticky substance that had a boiling point of about 1,000° F., and a freezing point of -40° F. Moreover, it closely resembled plastics or other polymers in molecular structure in that its molecules of hydrogen and oxygen atoms were linked together to form long chains. Scientists round the world were fascinated. But no one else was able to produce more than a few drops of the miraculous water and skepticism began to grow. Now even Deryagin has washed his hands of polywater. In a recent scientific paper, reports *Chemical & Engineering News*, the Soviet researcher admits that it is nothing more than ordinary water contaminated by silicon. Where did the silicon come from? Apparently it was picked up in the hair-thin quartz tubes that he and other scientists used to produce the stuff from condensing water vapor. Comments *Chemical & Engineering News*: "The book on polywater is closed."

NBC v. A.M.A.

Television news is often accused of turning a blind eye on controversy, and activist critics yearn for the days when the late Edward R. Murrow savaged Joseph McCarthy and crusaded for migrant farm workers. No such criticism could be lodged against the NBC documentary *What Price Health*. Broadcast last December, the program attacked the high cost of medical care in the U.S., portrayed individual victims of the system in dramatic terms, and lobbied for adoption of a broad national health-insurance scheme.

NBC's show was so tough that it gave the American Medical Association a severe case of outrage. Persuaded that NBC was guilty of numerous specific errors and general distortion, the A.M.A. battled for eight months to gain satisfaction. But only after the A.M.A. took its case to the Federal Communications Commission did NBC yield some ground. Now the A.M.A. and NBC have reached a fuzzy compromise that leaves unsettled the issue of redress in such controversies.

The fight began on Jan. 10, when A.M.A. Executive Vice President Ernest B. Howard sent a protest letter to NBC President Julian Goodman. Howard attacked what he called the program's "frequent inaccuracy and overall bias," pointing out 29 instances in which NBC had, by the A.M.A.'s standards, distorted the truth. Howard demanded equal air time for an A.M.A. rebuttal.

Instead, Howard received from NBC on Feb. 27 a 39-page rebuttal of the A.M.A. allegations. Two months later, the A.M.A. countered the counterattack and formally asked the FCC to investigate what it termed the "distortion and slanting of news" in the NBC documentary. For its counsel, the A.M.A. hired former FCC Chairman Newton Minow, who once condemned commercial network programming as a "vast wasteland." The A.M.A. also discussed the case with the new National News Council, an independent body established to adjudicate complaints against news organizations.

A number of the A.M.A.'s specific charges about the show were petty, but others were significant. One of the show's human-interest vignettes, for instance, concerned Kristen Knapp, 5, whose congenital heart condition received prominent treatment in the documentary. NBC showed the girl being denied necessary corrective surgery be-

cause her father—laid off his job two years earlier—could not afford it.

Nonsense, the A.M.A. declared. Kristen had received heart surgery at a Cleveland hospital five weeks before the broadcast. Further, the A.M.A. said, the girl had always been eligible for free medical attention through Ohio's crippled children program. NBC's rather lame response: the Knapps had not been made aware of the benefits available to their daughter at the time the documentary was filmed, and NBC had been unable to reach the family for an updated report on Kristen before broadcast time. The Knapp family remembers things differently. Gregory Knapp, the father, says that NBC was in touch with him and was told of the operation.

The A.M.A. was particularly galled by what it felt was an inaccurate de-

SCOTT MCKELER



KRISTEN KNAPP AT CLEVELAND HOME
Muted conclusion.

scription of the "Medicredit" health bill it is advocating in Congress. It said that NBC was in cahoots with supporters of the comprehensive Kennedy-Griffiths health-insurance plan, which the A.M.A. vehemently opposes. Although it denied that charge, NBC has since December sold and leased prints of the documentary to groups who used the film to promote the Kennedy-Griffiths legislation.

Three weeks ago, the controversy came to a quick—and surprisingly muted—conclusion. NBC agreed to devote a 15-minute segment of the *Today Show* this week to an interview with A.M.A. President Russell B. Roth. He was expected to point out some objections to

the NBC documentary and discuss health legislation now before Congress. In addition to that live interview, NBC will give some time to A.M.A. views during an upcoming documentary on hospital costs and malpractice. The network also gave the A.M.A. a list of organizations that have shown *What Price Health* so that the A.M.A. can offer them its president's interview as an addendum. For its part, the A.M.A. will not pursue its proceedings before the FCC.

The compromise left both parties publicly satisfied, but it also left unanswered some serious questions involving broadcast journalism. If the A.M.A. was at least partly right in its complaint, why did NBC wait eight months to do anything about it? Can a 15-minute interview so long after the original program really correct any errors for the audience that watched the first program? And—perhaps most important—why did NBC allow sloppy reporting on the Kristen Knapp case to undermine what was generally a serious and courageous report on a very real national problem?

Anderson the Thinker

Columnist Jack Anderson's readers have come to expect daily bulletins about skulduggery all over, bleak reports that are long on data and short on philosophy. So it was something of a shock last week when Anderson took a deep dive into rumination and surfaced aglittering with optimism. Taking a long view of his trade, Anderson raised a rhetorical question about the muckraker's role in a time of widespread corruption and scandal. Might not he further weaken the national spirit by encouraging cynicism and despair?

Not a bit of it, Anderson quickly decided. In his view, the muckraker "has more confidence in America than most others." Why? Because his work teaches him to respect—and depend on—three American virtues: "First, the relative scarcity of corruption [a trait that will come as news to regular Anderson followers]. If it were the norm, it would not be news. Second, the probability of most citizens: if the majority found official corruption undisturbing, the cry of the reformer would become hollow. Third, the ultimate responsiveness to truth, when forced to the wall, of our governmental system."

A wall-forcer of no mean prowess, Anderson backed off long enough to reveal his inner doubts: "Tough though his hide gets to be, the investigative reporter is as emotionally needy of emphatic response as a clown or an actor." Extending the simile to the pugilistic arts, Anderson concluded: "Perhaps a reporter, like a prizefighter, is in trouble the moment he gets a bit reflective and sentimental."

Chris Evert: Miss Cool on the Court

When St. Thomas Aquinas High School in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., held its commencement exercises three months ago, the girl voted most popular by her fellow students was noticeably absent. She was off on a European tour trying to live up to another title bestowed by her schoolmates: most likely to succeed. As it happened, Christine Marie Evert, 18, class of '73, honor student and yearbook sports editor, was destined for some graduate work in the School of Hard Knocks, Big-Time Tennis Department.

In her first season as a tennis professional, Evert started out with everything going for her—perhaps too much. In only two years she had leapfrogged from obscurity to national fame. In technique, tennis attire and hair style she had become the model for her generation of players. Having just become a princess of women's tennis, she was already being touted for empress.

Needed Struggle. She knew that she still had a few things to learn, and that was perhaps one reason why she spurned the rebel pro circuit led by Billie Jean King and Margaret Court. Chrissie joined the weaker tour sponsored by the rival United States Lawn Tennis Association. Not surprisingly, in her first two months of playing for pay, she won 29 of 30 matches. "Being a pro," she said, flashing her most-likely-to-succeed smile, "is lots of fun." Still, she so dominated the U.S.L.T.A. competition that she soon began to worry that she might be losing her competitive edge. "I just want someone to start testing me," she said after a while, "someone to give me a real struggle."

She got it when the two warring women's groups declared a truce that allowed players from both circuits to compete against one another in major tournaments. Evert's first test came at the French Open in June when she advanced to the finals against Margaret Court, won the first set 7-6, took a commanding 5-3 lead in the second—and then fell apart. Suffering from a bad case of overconfidence, she blew the second set 7-6 and lost the third 6-4. Then in quick and dispiriting succession, she lost to Australia's Evonne Goolagong in the finals of the Italian Open, to Britain's Virginia Wade in the semifinals at Nottingham and to the U.S.'s Julie Heldman in the quarter-finals of the London Grass Court Championships. Evert staged a brief comeback at Wimbledon by defeating Court but then got soundly spanked in the finals by Billie Jean King.

Chrissie came back to the U.S. with an attitude of "thanks, I needed that." Last week she told TIME Correspondent Peter Range: "I'm not used to losing.

Europe was really the proof that I could. It made me realize that I wasn't putting 100% into my matches, that I can produce some good tennis only when I'm really hungry to win." Added her mother and traveling companion, Colette: "Europe was good for Chrissie. She realized that she was no longer the prima donna. She had her first slump. Nobody paid much attention to her at Wimbledon because she had been losing. It was a kind of relief."

Specifically, the kind of relief that can turn a gritty young lady into an even more formidable competitor. Immediately after Wimbledon, she spent long hours practicing on her home court in Fort Lauderdale and then went out and won two of her next three tournaments. As of last week, she had won an impressive eight of 15 tournaments in her first eight months as a pro. And, despite her lapse in Europe, she harbors no fears about the big triumvirate of King ("Her weakness is her impatience"), Court ("She scared me at first because she is so strong and big, but no more") and Goolagong ("Evonne, well, she goes up and down and I just stay level"). In her brief career, in fact, Chrissie has defeated Billie Jean four matches out of seven, Margaret four out of six and Evonne five out of eight.

Evert does not have to wait long for another big test. It starts next week when the U.S. Open begins at Forest Hills, where she made her first big splash two years ago. Whatever happens at Forest Hills, Evert's future is unquestionably bullish. Chrissie the pro is far more accomplished than Chrissie the amateur, and has time to overcome her remaining flaws: a reluctance to rush the net aggressively, a volley that too often fails and a serve that too seldom overpowers. Over the past two years, she has shot up 3½ in. and added ten



CHRIS EVERT SWINGING AT AGE SEVEN

lbs. in all the right places. Now, at 5 ft. 6 in. and 119 lbs., she is hitting with more oomph, punctuating each shot with an audible grunt that "means I'm putting everything into it." Her game as a rule is still anchored at the baseline. But now, capitalizing on her two-fisted backhand and a deadly drop shot, she is taking more chances. "Until this year," she says, "I've always waited and let the other person make mistakes. Now I'm trying for the good shot. I'm loosening up a little bit out there."

Evert's concentration borders on the mesmeric. Scrunching her nose and squinting her hazel eyes, she assumes a trancelike expression that rarely betrays the slightest emotion. Rivals have described her intensity as "almost eerie," her slit-eyed squint as "snake-like." Julie Heldman claims that Evert's poise is so great that she does not seem to sweat, much less disturb a strand of her honey brown hair. "I have never seen Chris look disheveled," says Julie, "or even pleasantly ruffled."



WITH FATHER & COACH JIMMY EVERT





HER TWO-FISTED BACKHAND AT WIMBLEDON

Such aplomb befits the girl who has become the game's most attractive fashion plate since Gussie Moran flashed her lace-trimmed panties at Wimbledon more than two decades ago. Teeny lobsers everywhere are mirroring the "Chrissie look": gold loop earrings, modishly cut tennis frocks, long hair parted in the middle and tied back with colored yarn, and—look Ma!—a two-handed backhand. The Chris Evert line of Puritan Tennis outfits, frilly, form-fitting tennis togs splashed with pastels, makes the squarish whites of old look like straitjackets. Now, with the figure to complement the filigree, she has erased forever the "little Chrissie" sobriquet. Still, she is unsatisfied: "I wish some writer would get around to calling me sexy."

That is the traditional lament of the woman athlete trained from childhood to win games rather than beaux. In Evert's case, the drill started so early that she could barely hold a racket. Her father, Jimmy Evert, a onetime touring

tournament player, is the tennis pro at the Holiday Park Courts in Fort Lauderdale. "One day when I was six," Chrissie recalls, "my dad took me to a park. He put a racket in my hand and threw balls to me. I missed them all. We did this every day. After a few weeks I started hitting a few of them back. Then I remember liking it a lot. My dad made fun out of it. He'd say, 'Okay, ten over the net and I'll buy you a Coke.' I'd wake up at 8 a.m. and be over at the courts at 8:30. Some other girls and I would bring our lunch and stay till about 5. Until I was about eight, I just usually hit. After two years, I started playing games."

She was a nationally ranked player at eleven. At 15 she went to a tournament in Charlotte, N.C., scored a stunning upset over Wimbledon Champ Margaret Court and burst into happy, astonished tears. At 16 she journeyed to Forest Hills, pronounced herself "petrified" and then won one dramatic victory after another to become the instant darling of the galleries. Billie Jean defeated her in the semifinals, but Chrissie had made her mark. The next year she took her revenge in Fort Lauderdale by humiliating King 6-1, 6-0.

It is one of the ironies of the King-Evert rivalry that the younger woman has benefited heavily from King's zealous campaign for bigger purses and increased recognition for women's tennis. Yet Evert, a traditional type from a devoutly Catholic family, pooh-poohs Women's Lib and has criticized King's break from the male-dominated USLTA. The cash, however, is non-ideological. So far this year, Evert has won \$70,050. With endorsement money from Puritan and Wilson Sporting Goods, she figures to earn around \$150,000. Most of the offers to lend her name to everything from leg lotion and deodorants to toothpaste and soap powder have been turned down. Explains

Jimmy Evert: "It takes time to do these things. When Chrissie's not playing tennis, I'd rather she not be doing things that will tire her out. This is still a game with us. It's not a business."

So far, Chrissie's only luxuries are an expanded wardrobe and a new Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme with a stereo tape deck, a gift from a tournament sponsor. Otherwise, says her mother, "the most notable difference is that instead of buying \$1 souvenirs for her brothers and sisters when she travels, she'll spend \$5."

Serious Sessions. Chrissie has four brothers and sisters, tennis devotees all. Drew, 19, plays for Auburn University; Jeanne, 15, recently turned pro and is ranked No. 16 among U.S. women players; John, 11, is ranked No. 2 in Florida in his age group; and Clare, 5, fresh from a season of warming up with a flyswatter, is already out on the courts with her sawed-off racket.

The family's modest seven-room bungalow, just six blocks from the Holiday Park Courts, is a kind of Evert hall of fame, a storehouse for 250 trophies that the children have won over the years. Chrissie still shares a small bedroom with Jeanne. It is typically teen frilly pink motif, TV set for watching soap operas, shoebox filled with eye makeup, copies of *Seventeen* magazine.

Between tournaments, Jimmy Evert requires Chrissie to put in at least four hours of practice every day. His instruction is so painstaking that he gives the girls new balls at about the same time they would get them in a match, thus preventing any bad habits that might develop from hitting dead ones. The sessions are serious. The moment the younger Evert gets the least bit sloppy, her older sister will reprimand her with a sharp, "Oh, Jeanne!"

Of late, though, whenever her other practice partner begins acting up, Chrissie gives out a girlish squeal, "Oh, Jimmee!" He is Jimmy Connors, 20, the hottest young U.S. player on the men's pro circuit. They met over a Coke at Wimbledon last year, and it has been a steady match ever since. Though their practice sessions invariably attract a fencible of admiring fans, they sometimes end their workouts with some unabashed on-court smooching. An evening date usually consists of a movie and a McDonald's cheeseburger. Recently Chrissie won a major concession from her strict parents: her 11 p.m. curfew was moved back to midnight.

To hear Chrissie tell it, she will not have to sacrifice her personal life for too long. She insists that she intends to quit the pro game in three to five years, get married and have two to four children. "Too long a tennis career can ruin a girl and harden her," she says. "Tennis isn't the most important thing in my life. It's so materialistic. Marriage and family are more important, and so is religion—and love. I'd rather be known for being a girl than for being a tennis player."



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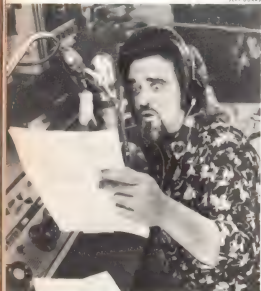
CHATTING WITH BOY FRIEND JIMMY CONNORS

Wolfman's New Lair

"Heah comes da Wolfman!" the voice rasps in rural black accents. "Don't touch dat dial!" High-pitched giggles lacerate the air, quickly followed by a rough approximation of a wolf howl. "We gotta whole lotta soul comin' atcha," the voice promises. "Rock 'n' roll wid da Wolfman. Lay yo' hand on da radio right now 'n' feel me!"

Millions of radio addicts have been "feeling" Wolfman Jack's palpable patter for many years and have made him perhaps the nation's most listened-to disk jockey. He puts together an attractive package of rock, rhythm and blues, gag tunes and whatever else grabs his

JEFF GUNAK



WOLFMAN AT WORK
Grunts, growls, thumps and songs.

fancy. His specialty is zany miks antics and having telephone conversations with listeners. He grunts, growls, thumps, sings along with a record. By modulating his voice to low, suggestive intimacy, he squeezes juice from anemic wisecracks. As he plays the Rolling Stones' (*I Can't Get No Satisfaction*), he confides: "The only difference between Mick Jagger and myself, baby, is that I can get satisfaction."

Some of the performance is wasted on radio. Eyes popping, goatee quivering, paunch abounding, his whole body keeping time with the music, he seems to live every song as a new experience. In a swirl of cigarette smoke, he gets up to dance with himself. "Oh, mercy, haaabeh—riight onnn!"

Now Wolfman's sound is coming from new directions. This month he moved from Los Angeles to New York, where he is doing a live program five hours a night five times a week and re-

cording a sixth show. His new station, WNBC, reaches 37 states at night. Meanwhile he is continuing a syndicated package heard on 1,453 stations. For a change of pace, he flies back to L.A. to appear on NBC-TV's weekly rock series *Midnight Special*. In the new movie *American Graffiti* he plays himself—rather well, in fact. WNBC imported him to compete with WABC's Bruce ("Everybody is my cousin") Morrow, the reigning rock jockey of New York nighttime radio. WNBC's ad series puts the challenge bluntly: "Cousin Bruce's days are numbered! Wolfman Jack is on the prowl." Replies Morrow: "Wolfman who?"

No Pictures. The question is not quite as disingenuous as it sounds. Wolfman has had a number of guises in his 17-year career, and now, at 35, he is a far fowl from his earlier images. Many listeners once believed that he was black or Mexican. "Nobody knew if I was white or black or whatever, and I kept the mystique up," he has said. "No pictures, no interviews. I turned down some heavy cats." When he did make public appearances, he painted his face assorted colors and wore a huge wig and sunglasses. "And these crazy long fingernails. You dig? People knew I had makeup on, but they didn't know what the hell was underneath it."

Partly it was whim—his gimmick. Partly it was the fact that Wolfman Jack, the zany soul brother, happened to be Robert Smith, a white man who was working on his first fortune by pitching mail-order records, burial insurance, chickens and whatever else could be sold on the air.

Nor did he spring from some desert in old Mexico. Wolfman recalls being shunted from relative to relative as a child: "You see, I was left out in the breeze, born in Brooklyn amongst the garbage cans and roaches and poor Italians and poor blacks. We all emulated the black culture. There wasn't any other." He became a radio freak hooked on black deejays like Dr. Jive, and dropped out of high school.

While still in his teens, he moved south and made a meager living working for gritty rhythm-and-blues stations. Then, in 1957, he discovered the megawatt possibilities of broadcasting from just south of the Mexican border. Certain Mexican stations were then allowed far higher wattage than their American competitors, and therefore could be heard across large stretches of the U.S.

Smith settled at XERF, just south of Ciudad Acuña, where he served as the businesslike station manager during the day and developed the Wolfman routine as the nighttime star. Control of the station was being contested by a rival faction, which at one point tried to take over by using hired gunmen. Wolfman says that he and his own *pistole-*

ros recaptured the station in a shootout that killed one of the bad guys. Later he ran a second station in Rosarito Beach, near Tijuana.

His luck and his bank account, however, had a way of dissolving under him. First the mail-order business went bad. Then, by his account, he ran into problems with Mexican authorities who did not like some of the station's programming. Wolfman lost his fortune, but not his audience, and was able to start anew at KDAY in Los Angeles. By this time he was a well-established figure, a power in the pop-music field, himself the subject of admiring songs. (Sample, from Leon Russell's *Living on the Highway*: "He taught me how to sing the blues/ Yes, he's the reason why I choose/ To live on the highway now.") Wolfman installed his wife Lucy and their two children in a Beverly Hills house that became an all-night gathering place for stars like Johnny Rivers and John Lennon.

Wolfman had to launder his routines as his audience grew. Still, his nutty patter, the conversations on the "Wolfman telephone," have remained a steady feature. He loves to talk about them: "If a guy calls me and says, 'I had a fight with my girl friend, what should I do?' I'll say, 'Get naked and run around your bedroom,' or I'll say, 'Stand on your head.'" He also talks about love and life, coming across as quite sincere to many of his young listeners.

Now he is in Manhattan, the self-appointed guru of "personality radio," vowing to stay on top this time, to "bring back the old days of radio." He invests radio with almost mystical powers: "On TV, you're as big as your budget. With radio, you're as big as the imagination of the listener. You can be as big as you want to be." For which statement Wolfman Jack is Exhibit A.

That's Entertainment?

When the movie version of *Jesus Christ Superstar* opened in New York City this month, Jewish organizations were outraged. Most outspoken was the American Jewish Committee. The committee's watchdog for anti-Semitism in Christian materials, Presbyterian Gerald Strober, called the film "much worse" than the play. For one thing, said Strober, the mob at Jesus' trial is specifically labeled as "you Jews" in the film script. And as on the stage, the Jewish high priests are deep-dyed villains.

Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum, interreligious affairs director for the committee, conceded that the "Christ killer" image of the Jews "has lost its power" in the U.S. But, he said, it is still a danger to Jews in some countries where the film will be shown. Actually, the film is such a screaming, witless enterprise (TIME, July 30) that religion and stereotypes

aside, it probably deserves Strober's appraisal as a "catastrophe." In other respects, the criticism seems exaggerated; it is doubtful that anyone not already a confirmed bigot would be swayed by the film. As for criticizing the Temple's high priests, *Superstar* is hardly the first to do that. Far angrier words against the priests are found in the *Book of Malachi*, part of the Hebrew Bible.

While Jews assailed *Superstar*, Roman Catholics were mounting an intensive—and remarkably successful—campaign against *Maude*. At issue were two rerun episodes of the CBS television series that sympathetically portray Maude's decision to have an abortion when she finds herself unexpectedly pregnant. First aired last fall, the shows were attacked by the Roman Catholic press and hierarchy at the time,



HIGH PRIESTS IN "SUPERSTAR"
Malachi was first.

but with neither the force nor the effectiveness of the current campaign. Bishop James S. Rausch, general secretary of the United States Catholic Conference, led off by charging that the CBS decision to rebroadcast the two shows was "irresponsible and gratuitous." The principal Catholic objection: "Advocacy of abortion is unacceptable in a situation-comedy format aired... when children are a large part of the audience."

Other Roman Catholic bishops conducted a nationwide campaign to halt local showings of *Maude* or discourage sponsors from buying time on the show. Last week, when the first segment of the two was shown, at least 39 out of 198 local CBS affiliates—including stations in Milwaukee, New Orleans, Indianapolis, Salt Lake City and Seattle—dropped the program. Out of six half-minute commercial spots available during the first show, none were sold.

MILESTONES

Divorced. Joan Baez, 32, folk singer and veteran antiwar activist; and David Harris, 27, who recently served 20 months in a federal penitentiary for refusing induction into the Army in 1968; after five years of marriage and one son; in Redwood City, Calif.

Died. Richard Tregaskis, 56, a war correspondent who hit the Solomon Islands beach with the first boatload of Marines in 1942 and recorded his experiences in a World War II classic, *Guadalcanal Diary*; apparently of drowning; in Honolulu. Although his 6-ft. 7-in. frame provided an easy target for enemy guns, Tregaskis was wounded seriously only once while covering a total of nine wars. A novelist and screenwriter as well, Tregaskis wrote his last war book, *Vietnam Diary*, in 1963.

Died. Arthur William Radford, 77, the first Navy admiral to serve as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff (1953-57) and an ardent crusader for naval airpower; of cancer; in Bethesda, Md. Radford became a naval flyer after serving in World War I and commanded the Pacific Fleet during the Korean War. A renowned naval strategist, he supported President Eisenhower's belief that the Communist threat to America could be met only with the counterthreat of massive nuclear retaliation.

Died. Conrad Aiken, 84, Pulitzer-prizewinning poet; of a heart attack; in Savannah, Ga. A close friend and Harvard classmate of T.S. Eliot's, Aiken began publishing poems in 1914. Influenced by both Sigmund Freud and Harvard philosopher George Santayana, Aiken searched in his poetry and prose for musical and psychological truth—an effort resulting in rich mental atmospheres but lacking in drama and force. Best known for his *Selected Poems*, for *Ushant*, a third-person autobiography, and for a number of short stories, notably *Silent Snow*, *Secret Snow*, Aiken published more than 50 books of poetry, fiction and essays during his 57-year literary career. His final poetic work, *Thee*, published in 1971, summarized his personal philosophy "that there are no final solutions; that things may have no meaning."

Died. Dr. Selman Abraham Waksman, 85, a pioneer in microbiology who coined the term "antibiotic" in 1941 and two years later isolated streptomycin, the first antibiotic treatment for tuberculosis; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Hyannis, Mass. The Ukrainian-born scientist, who came to America in 1910, headed the Rutgers team that spent four years sifting through 100,000 different microbes to find streptomycin; in 1952 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for his achievements in medicine.

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The Turning Tide

THE WOODEN SHEPHERDESS
by RICHARD HUGHES

389 pages, Harper & Row, \$7.50.

"All that nonfiction can do is answer questions," British Novelist Richard Hughes once said. "It's fiction's business to ask them." Yet Hughes is trying to have it both ways in his long multivolume historical novel about the roots of World War II, which began with *The Fox in the Attic* in 1962. He puts his imaginary characters through the usual novelistic hoops—love affairs, deaths, getting and spending. At the same time he trundles on historical figures like Hitler and Lloyd George to

putsch in Munich suggested the tidal pull of events in which all the characters were destined to be caught up.

Hughes' second installment is *The Wooden Shepherdess*. It carries Augustine and the story up through 1934, and ends with another Nazi set piece—Hitler's blood purge of scores of rivals and former associates in that year to consolidate his power. Hughes' creative tide, however, shows signs of slackening. Mitzi, the German cousin whom Augustine loved in *Fox*, has now gone blind and entered a Carmelite convent. Augustine's brother-in-law, the M.P., is still dithering over Liberal Party and parliamentary infighting. Augustine himself roves through Prohibition America, falling in with a neither beautiful nor damned crowd of would-be Fitzgeraldian teenagers. He even trots off on an *Arabian Nights* adventure in Morocco. Effective and colorful as some of this is, what does it have to do with Hughes' larger theme? The interrelation between private and public realms seems to have broken down. The narrative tends to lurch from near-history to near-fiction ("But Hitler, Strasser—how could these distant rivalries ever matter to Coventry?").

The key to the problem is Hughes' passive protagonist, Augustine has intelligence, a keen eye and challenging ideas about the immorality of power. Yet as he seeks any diversion but work, as he shies away from marrying, or as he takes an interest in Welsh miners while avoiding involvement in Britain's general strike of 1926, Augustine begins to seem like some maddening dilettante who will not face

up to what Hughes, in an endearing, old-fashioned way, calls the human predicament. Perhaps anticipating the reader's disenchantment with Augustine, Hughes has his cynical Tory friend Jeremy make a plea about "Augustine's knack of having things happen to him without ever needing to lift a finger to make them happen."

Well, one thing that presumably is going to happen to him is World War II. When it does, in some subsequent volume, perhaps the relevance of all that seems diffuse and maudering in *Shepherdess* will come clear. Perhaps the grand design that prompted some reviewers to invoke Tolstoy when *Fox* was published will emerge again. But Hughes is 73, and a painfully slow writer. When he conceived his ambitious project he had only two novels to his credit: the minor classic *A High Wind*

in *Jamaica* (1929) and *In Hazard* (1938). He took 17 years of research and writing to produce *Fox*. Between *Fox* and *Shepherdess*, he and his readers have aged more than his characters. From here on, as Hughes cheerfully admits to inquiring reporters, it will be "a race between the publisher and the undertaker." ■ Christopher Porterfield

Ods Bodkins

THE KING'S GREY MARE

by ROSEMARY HAWLEY JARMAN

448 pages, Little, Brown, \$8.95.

The lot of historical novelists is a hard one. The livelier their imagination, the more polished their prose, the more they risk the displeasure of scholars—whose imagination and prose tend to be quite the reverse. But Rosemary Hawley Jarman's first novel, *We Speak No Treason*, managed to command the respect of critics, the enthusiasm of readers, and respectful cheers from members of the Richard III Society as a long overdue recasting of Shakespeare's "poisonous bunch-back'd toad." Jarman portrayed Richard as a relatively gentle soul in an age of violence, whose hunchback and its concomitant aura of evil had been painted on by Tudor propagandists.

Jarman's second novel is less successful—in part because its central figure, Elizabeth Woodville, has no particular historical image to revise. No one in Jarman's sedulously studied medieval prose is beautiful or pretty, but only in varying degrees "fair," and Elizabeth is very fair indeed. The Woodvilles were convinced that they were descended from a French water witch named Melusine who lived during the tag end of the Wars of the Roses. With a combination of her mother's witchy potions and her own obduracy, Elizabeth seduced a king, Edward IV, into marriage.

Once Queen, she briskly installed her brothers in places of power, arranged useful marriages for her sisters, bore two sons who were to become the tragic little princes of the Tower—and later married off one daughter to another king, the Tudor who became Henry VII. So she survived, in an age where survival was far more important than policy, where brothers murdered brothers on suspicion of disloyalty, the villains of yesterday were the dinner guests of tomorrow and no issues seemed involved, save who had married whom, who had insulted whom, and in whose bed he or she had been begot.

Author Jarman, 38, was herself begot in the quiet pottery town of Worcester, north of London. She trained as a soprano with an opera career in mind, got married and divorced, and returned to Worcester to take a job as a social worker. One day she read a book about



RICHARD HUGHES

A race with the undertaker.

go through well-documented paces—speeches, rivalries, rises and falls from power. Fiction jostles with nonfiction, and questions are fitted to answers.

Or are they? The scheme worked well enough in *The Fox in the Attic*. Hughes was widely praised for it, in part because the private concerns of characters had an ironic bearing on the public doings of the historical figures. The young hero, an enlightened Welsh aristocrat named Augustine Penry-Herbert, seemed to exemplify the misguided good will of his generation in England; he believed that 1917 had ended, not begun, the pattern of world wars. The Bavarian relatives whom Augustine visited for a while reflected the social and psychological disarray of Germany in the early 1920s. The concluding set piece of Hitler's abortive 1923 beer-hall

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ROSEMARY HAWLEY JARMAN
Every lover a leman.

Richard III and mentioned "crook-back" to her mother. "Rubbish," said her mother. Jarman began exploring in libraries. Her mother urged her on; when she broke her leg and was hospitalized, she insisted that her daughter bring her a page of manuscript every day. Then a friend sent the manuscript off to a London publisher, and...

Since the success of *We Speak No Treason*, the author spends much of her time visiting ruined castles from the times she writes about. Her love for the medieval word and habit is certainly relentless. Every small boy is a knave and every lover a leman; people wear chapines, not shoes; nobody can leave without a "void of wine" that is poured into a hanap rather than a cup or even a tankard. But perhaps because her protagonist is a woman, Jarman's second book says dangerously near the breathiness that has afflicted many a female historical novelist before her. Sample: "Against his strong breast, she exhaled her shuddering relief."

For all that, Rosemary Jarman does manage to convey the lush, devious, bawdy ambience of her chosen century, makes lively a time, place and society that once were and now still seem passing strange.

■ A.T. Baker

Jaws of Death

FLASHMAN AT THE CHARGE
by GEORGE MACDONALD FRASER
286 pages. Knopf. \$6.95.

Cannons to the right of him, cannons to the left of him, Flashy is back in the saddle again. Saber up, pants down, his wit a well-stopped razor, he careers through the fourth installment of his adventures as the British Empire's racist, cheekiest hero.

Like the three previous "packets" of fictional Flashman memoirs (Arthur Fraser pretends to be nothing more than

His Scapegrace's editor), this yarn is a thorough, almost scholarly pastiche of Victorian lingo and manners. It fairly reeks of historical authenticity—and of blood—for Flashman, in his early 30s, is still his old bully self, a lucky coward and a genial sadist.

The year is 1854, and after "hoggering" his wife in a London closet, he departs for the Crimea, where—you have guessed it already—he leads the charge of the Light Brigade (without meaning to), falls prisoner to Cossacks, escapes from the Russian steppes by sled, and, after many a contretemps, foils the Czar's plan to overrun India by helping a grisly band of Transcaucasians to blow up two boatloads of gunpowder.

Along the way, he manages to dally with two Cossack women and one semi-Chinese Amazon known as the Silk One. He picks up fluent Russian and pushes into Pushtu and Persian. As usual, his feats are preposterous and irresistible—if they happen to strike the reader in the right mood. Well and good, but Fraser had better not rest on his laurels. American Flashmaniacs can hardly be expected to wait much longer for him to come across with the great man's oft-hinted-at memories of cutthroat days at Little Big Horn and gunfights with Kit Carson.

■ Ray Sokolov

Leapin' Lizard

THE SALAMANDER
by MORRIS WEST
355 pages. Morrow. \$7.95.

A neo-Fascist Italian general is found stiff as a pillar in his Roman bed. Assigned to tidy up the death, Colonel Dante Alighieri Matucci of the Service for Defense Information quickly wades waist-deep into a gooey pasta of conspiracy. What about the mysterious calling card—and the heraldic salamander inscribed on it—found under the general's bed? What if Matucci's own boss, the country's security chief, is actually part of a right-wing plot figureheaded by the dead general? What if a second apprentice tyrant is being groomed in the wings for a *colpo di stato*?

Poor Colonel Matucci has the devil's own time getting to the bottom of all this. All of his informants are valuable expositors from the "How is your father, the Archduke?" school of dialogue. Matucci's tiniest queries elicit encyclopedic replies. Matucci is also afflicted with an odd syntactic ataxia that makes his English sound like an American's idea of Italian. Thus handicapped, Matucci loses his struggles with metaphors ("A new conviction was crystallizing out of the murky fluid of my own thoughts").

Small wonder then that Matucci feels badly used by his superiors. His most entertaining manipulator is the Salamander himself—an old, immensely rich fairy Godfather. Like the legendary salamander who lives in flame, he has survived the fires of illegitimacy

and Mussolini's Fascism with his lizard's skin unscathed. The Salamander does for West's story what the wolf does for the tale of Red Riding Hood. As a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, *The Salamander* will be widely sold, but it reads like a mere shadow between West's conception and the inevitable movie. It is hard not to conclude that somewhere film technicians are already at work outfitting a chameleon with an asbestos costume.

■ Paul Gray

Doctors' Dilemmas

WARD 402
by RONALD J. GLASSER, M.D.
232 pages. George Braziller. \$6.95.

"They want her to die. They want her to die now." An overworked intern admits Mary Berquam, a little girl with leukemia, to the pediatrics ward of a university hospital to die. But the resident, McMillan, overrules her father's demand to let her die in peace. "I had no time for goofy parents," recalls the intern. Enter the cold, stern hematologist chief, Prader. He persuades the Berquams to have Mary treated for the sake of scientific research. Mary's condition seems to improve.

In the background of Dr. Ronald Glasser's chronicle of hospital life are other children with fatal, costly chronic diseases, like the four-year-old boy plagued by unsuccessful kidney transplants. Mary's father stirs up a campaign of timid, deferential parents against the doctors, who never explain anything. "A f----- cab driver asking me about penicillin!" one doctor responds. "Talking to parents or patients was not our thing," the intern muses. "We were not very good with death." A nurse agrees: "You're all so smug and self-centered and unapproachable."

All of a sudden, Mary's spine fills with pus and she bleeds into her skin and her brain. "You son of a bitch!" shouts her father. "Haven't you tortured



RONALD J. GLASSER
A call for Chekhov.

Frank Mason, Jr. can run his hands over the raw metal of an automobile hood and feel imperfections the human eye can't see.

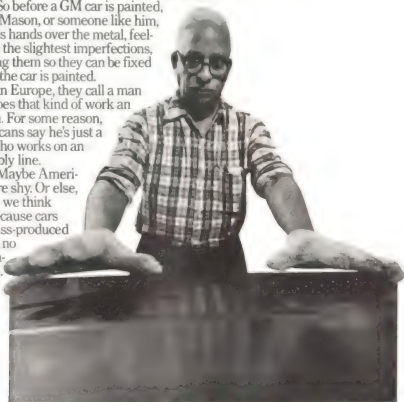
There is no machine that can do what Frank Mason does. There are very few people who can do it.

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In Europe, they call a man who does that kind of work an artisan. For some reason, Americans say he's just a man who works on an assembly line.

Maybe Americans are shy. Or else, maybe we think that because cars are mass-produced there's no craft involved.



Gloves protect Mr. Mason's hands from metal burrs

If you think Frank Mason's job is the kind anyone can do, try it yourself on a piece of unpainted metal. Then try doing it quickly. Then imagine doing it on hundreds of cars, maintaining your concentration, keeping in mind the sleekness and beauty of the metal after it's painted, the pleasure someone will get when they buy it.

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BOOKS

her enough?" He goes berserk and tries to slug every doctor in sight. The resident gives the girl special emergency treatments, including a respirator. Prader, the hematologist, now, unexpectedly, opposes the resident. "Don't you think it's time to stop being heroic?" he asks. "Don't you think enough is even enough?" Says the resident: "There is no reason not to use everything we have," and he challenges Prader to "turn off the respirator" if he does not agree. Prader replies, "We don't kill patients." The intern pulls the plug and Mary dies.

Dr. Glasser is a pediatric specialist at Hennepin County General Hospital in Minneapolis. He composed this book, a kind of fictionalized nonfiction, out of events he has seen and others he has "heard of." Despite the author's evident concern for the unnecessary torture of children, in some ways this is a misleading effort. Glasser plays on the reader's response to suffering, as he did in *365 Days*, his antiwar narrative about G.I.s mutilated in Viet Nam.

In *Ward 402*, Glasser's cause is not really euthanasia as such but a fashionable skepticism about progress in general. By focusing on chronic diseases, the book mixes up the anguished, specific personal dilemma of the hopelessly ill and their families with a general social crisis in American medicine. There are hard decisions to be made (TIME, July 16) about when a patient really ceases to live though he is technically still alive, as well as about staggering costs, medical needs and, indeed, the requirements of pure humanity. Such subjects, though, demand either a straightforward, rigorous, get-the-whole-story old journalism, or the fictional honesty and complexity of that other doctor Chekhov.

■ S.L. Parmacek

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*Breakfast of Champions*, Vonnegut (1 last week)
- 2—*The Hollow Hills*, Stewart (6)
- 3—*Harvest Home*, Tryon (5)
- 4—*Facing the Lions*, Wicker (3)
- 5—*The Billion Dollar Sure Thing*, Erdman (4)
- 6—*Once Is Not Enough*, Susann (2)
- 7—*The Summer Before the Dark*, Loring (8)
- 8—*Low And Order*, Unkai (9)
- 9—*The Odessa File*, Forsyth (7)
- 10—*Hazard*, Browne

NONFICTION

- 1—*The Joy of Sex*, Comfort (1)
- 2—*Sybil*, Schreber (2)
- 3—*Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution*, Atkins (3)
- 4—*How to Be Your Own Best Friend*, Newman & Berkowitz (5)
- 5—*Marilyn*, Mailer (9)
- 6—*The Making of the President 1972*, White
- 7—*Laughing All the Way*, Howar (7)
- 8—*The Sovereign State of ITT*, Sampson (6)
- 9—*My Young Years*, Rubinstein (8)
- 10—*I'm O.K., You're O.K.*, Harris (10)



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MODERN LIVING

The Bow Bows Back

A few of the faithful never strayed—men like G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams, Arthur Schlesinger and Bobby Short, who made the bow tie their individual badge regardless of the moment's fashion. Now they have plenty of company. The bow tie is once again popular, and not only among middle-aged fellows who are trying to recapture the campus spirit of the 1930s.

Stores across the country report a strong demand for bows from customers of all ages and varied stations. At times this summer in the display cases of Chicago's Frank Bros. store there were no long ties at all. Early last year, the bow accounted for less than 1% of tie sales nationwide; now the figure is between 8% and 10%, and growing.

The bow has always had a strange versatility—conveying a certain jauntiness for otherwise staid professors, say, while bespeaking formality in evening clothes. That split image still exists. Nightclub Entertainer Short says that the bow gives him a "classic and nifty" look. Lawyer Cox changes his bow for a four-in-hand when he argues a case because he thinks that the bow makes him appear frivolous.

Both notions seem to be contributing to the present revival. The bow boom received most of its energy from the Gatsby-like promotion that began some months ago—the whole cardigan sweater, floppy flannel pants, '20s thing (TIME, March 26). But instead of fizzling the way the women's bow tie fad did, bows for men became bigger this summer—in design as well as sales. They will get still more push for the fall and winter because of the much publicized "layered look."

The bow that classifies as modern today is not the tacky, pallid, narrow tie that waiters and theater ushers wear. Rather it is the wide, colorful butterfly version. A man can decorate his Adam's apple with anything from a variegated stripe on peau de soie to a jacquard design on woven silk. A few of the old bowmen, like Soapy Williams, have made the switch. Having turned in the

skinny bows he wore as Michigan's Governor (1949-60), Williams, now a state supreme court justice, sports butterfly instead. He insists that they are "more handsome and comfortable than the other kind."

With the butterfly, however, knot making is a bit more difficult. The material is bulkier, wider, more difficult to pull through a knot. Many stores offer illustrated instructions on the proper method—which is not much different from tying a shoelace or anything else tied in a bow shape. Still, retailers say, younger men wearing bows for the first time prefer the already-tied clip-ons. Older customers still go for the tie-your-own, recalling a sartorial skill many learned years ago. Perfect symmetry is not the goal anyway. There is a certain virtue in a tie that is slightly askew. Some retailers feel traditions must be defended. At Brooks Bros. in Los Angeles, Manager Ray Dwinell carries only the tie-your-own kind.

House on the Range

It wasn't much to look at: linoleum on the floors, a small waiting room with metal folding chairs, a jukebox, the bedrooms out back. But to the townspeople of La Grange (pop. 3,000), as well as to farmhands and college students in the surrounding East Texas counties, Edna's Fashionable Ranch and Boarding House, known as "the Chicken Ranch," was as cherished as any monument, and far more functional.

Started in 1844, the Chicken Ranch had seen a string of madams. The latest was a comely brunette in her 40s, Edna Milton. Nobody knew where Edna came from, but that did not matter. She ran a clean house that fulfilled its function: no drugs, no liquor, no teen-age whores. The girls, says one old customer, were "not too pretty, but not ugly. They were a sure thing." Edna provided services without any fancy Polly Adler-type "extras."

Even before Edna's time, the place was as much a part of the community as the general store. During the Depression, farm boys with no money paid

with chickens—hence the bordello's name. In more prosperous times, the house was good for the town's economy. Says Lester Zapalac, publisher of the *La Grange Journal*, the town's only newspaper: "The girls bought all their clothes here, their eats. It brought business for the community." When the town would hold a big barbecue, the girls at Edna's, of course, were not invited. However, the townsfolk would often send some leftovers back to the girls. The fund for the new La Grange hospital was enriched \$10,000 *grâce aux filles* at Edna's.

Probably the strongest supporters of Edna's were the college students, particularly from the Bryan campus of Texas A. & M. The school was all male until recently, and a Houston girls' school, a strict Roman Catholic institution, offered small solace to the lusty. So the Chicken Ranch became an accepted extracurricular activity—and the scene of some rites of passage. "If we found out somebody was a virgin," says one A. & M. graduate, "we'd kidnap him, tie him up on the floorboard, and take him to the ranch." So routine were evenings at Edna's that the school began to provide penicillin free.

Now the prescription is more likely to be a cold shower or a trip to nearby Austin. For this month the Chicken Ranch was closed by official fiat from the state capital. The 16 girls are gone, and no one knows where Edna is.

Earlier this summer, a Houston TV station did a story about the Chicken Ranch that brought excessive attention to an open secret. Governor Dolph Briscoe ordered La Grange Sheriff T.J. Flournoy to enforce the state's anti-prostitution law. The town fought back, gathering signatures on a save-the-Chicken petition. Many wives signed, responding to the old argument that morality aside, the house had provided a necessary outlet that protected respectable girls from rape. Flournoy supported the petition drive and even considered a personal appeal to Briscoe. But in the end he did his duty with a telephone call to Edna that ended 130 years of tradition in La Grange.

Graven Images

What is the ideal museum show? The answer will depend on what you think museums ought to do, but in the area of art history it would be very hard to better the main summer offering of Washington's National Gallery of Art, "Early Italian Engravings." This is a recondite field, for Italian Renaissance prints are rare, and great ones excruciatingly so. Simply because they were meant to be widely distributed—whether as cheap ex-votos or as artists' samples—most of them have been lost.

The National Gallery's show, directed by a trio of experts (Konrad Oberhuber, Jay Levenson and Jacquelyn Sheehan), brings together some 200 examples, ranging from masterpieces like Andrea Mantegna's *Entombment of Christ* to a cheery bit of erotica (involving a girl who bears a startling resemblance to Alice in Wonderland) by an anonymous North Italian artist of the late 15th century. This is the kind of thing major museums ought to be about, when they are not distracted by show biz and self-puffery. One sees the print discovering its own nature and destiny as copper engraving changed from popular illustration to the status of an independent "fine art" medium.

Several things commended engraving to artists of the Italian Renaissance. At the beginning, it was linked to (and may have come from) niello-work, a decorative technique used by goldsmiths and armorers since the Middle Ages. With his sharp cutting and scratching points, his burin and needle and burnisher, the artist scribed a design on a metal plate and filled its grooves with a black pigment which, when heated, solidified like enamel.

The first niellist to substitute wet ink for hard paste, to press a sheet of paper onto the metal and so invent the copperplate engraving, seems to have been a Florentine goldsmith named Maso Finiguerra (1426-64). The technique suited its period. It demanded tough, precise outline drawing and responded to absolute clarity of form. Hence it was ideal for a precisionist like Mantegna, whose few engravings are almost mineral in their sharpness. Not even the drapery on his figures was soft; with deep cuts and cracking angles, it might have been carved from obsidian.

The medium obviously did not rival painting or drawing in importance. Nevertheless, a wide range of artists (Fra Angelico, Jacopo de' Barbari, Francesco Rosselli) did multiply their images on copper, so that Italian prototypes and compositions filtered increasingly through to northern Europe; in the mid-17th century, Rembrandt was still extracting poses and situations from prints Mantegna and others had made 200 years before.

Ritual Combat. Leonardo da Vinci made no prints of his own (the hard engraver's line could not produce the veiled modeling he sought), but some of his designs were engraved by Milanese artists. These were the "knots" (see cut), which may have been used as entrance tickets for the sessions of an artists' club over which Leonardo is thought to have presided in Milan. No doubt these patterns, interlacing and returning upon themselves with eye-fooling complexity, have a remote origin in Islamic tilework. But like the plant tendrils and braided water currents that recur in his drawings, they are also part of Leonardo's delight in twisting movement, here rendered abstract with a de-



A "KNOT" BY LEONARDO
Eye-fooling complexity.

liberate, icy involution that was one of his mental traits.

Mantegna apart, the Renaissance master most associated with the print was Antonio Pollaiuolo. A chicken seller's son who ran one of the most versatile and prosperous studios in late 15th century Florence, he was, in Lorenzo the Magnificent's eyes, "the greatest artist of the town, perhaps the greatest that ever existed." Only one engraving by him survives: a *Battle of the Nudes*, dating from the early 1470s. It was large (over two feet wide), and its influence was immense. Ten naked men—five have headbands and five do not, which is the only sign of a uniform—are hacking at one another in front of a frieze of vegetation, corn, olives and grapevines. Who they are and what they symbolize remain obscure. This is no Renaissance tourney but something far more bitter and primal, a death fight of gladiators. A recent theory holds that since ancient Etruscan and Roman funerals were often accompanied by ritual combat, Pollaiuolo was referring to that practice, and his print commemorates the burial of some eminent Florentine, possibly Cosimo the Elder.

Whatever the image may mean, there is no doubt of its importance in the history of figure drawing. As his 16th century biographer Vasari remarked, "Antonio's treatment of the nude is more modern than any of the masters who preceded him." It is a singular feat of anatomical research, set down muscle by silver-shadowed muscle. For all their ferocity of expression and darting energy of movement, Pollaiuolo's figures achieve a stubborn monumentality—largely by the device of keeping each warrior's head over the foot that bears his weight, so that each pose has a strong axis from which movement can flicker and radiate. With this one composition, Pollaiuolo established what print makers have been striving to affirm for 500 years: that a woodcut, a lithograph, or (in this case) an engraving can be as "major" a work of art as any painting or sculpture.

■ Robert Hughes



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